WORLD REVIEW

Incorporating Review of Reviews September 1949

CONTENTS

		PAGE
EDITORIAL		7
THE DEMON OF THE ABSOLUTE (1)	*André Malraux*	9
TEN YEARS AFTER	*Bertrand Russell*	13
'BUOYANT BILLIONS'	*George Bernard Shaw; Stephen Winsten; Esmé Percy*	17
THE CASE FOR POETRY IN SCHOOLS	*Henry Treece*	23
HAVE THE GERMANS LEARNED ANYTHING?	*Paul Anderson*	26
LIVING IN FIVE DIMENSIONS	*J. G. Bennett*	29
CULTURE IN IRELAND	*Robert Greacen*	34
PROFILES IN MINIATURE		38
THE THIRD OF SEPTEMBER, 1939	*Gerald Barry*	40
NOW I BECOME MYSELF	*A Poem by May Sarton*	45
LYSENKO AND THE COLD WAR	*John Langdon-Davies*	46
THE READING AND WRITING OF SHORT STORIES (1)	*Eudora Welty*	49
FAMOUS LETTERS (2)	*Rainer Maria Rilke*	55
THESE WARM NIGHTS	*A short story by Hollis Alpert*	57
JEAN ARP	*Paule Vézelay*	61
A MEETING WITH ERNEST HEMINGWAY	*Peter Russell*	65
NEW BOOKS: Reviewed by *Christopher Hollis, M.P.; Professor S. Zuckerman; Max Beloff; Sebastian Haffner; Peter Russell; Robert Payne*		68

An Arctic "Guinea Pig" writes

814 *Squadron, H.M.S. Vengeance,*
c/o G.P.O. London

To John Sinclair Ltd. *March 6, '49.*

During recent Arctic Trials, I was actively engaged on "Guinea Pig" Endurance and Exposure Tests. Although in temperatures far below freezing-point, I still enjoyed my pipe of Barneys.

Barneys saw much service in Wartime. Even now in the days of Peace, it still serves. The Arctic is yet another Theatre in which your Tobacco has been smoked and enjoyed.

In conclusion, you may quote . . . "at least one of the Arctic Guinea Pigs took his Barneys with him".

Thanking you for a very fine smoke,

Yours very truly, ————

Barneys

Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches. Ex-Bond and British Duty Free, in 2 lb. parcels, to many lands but not as yet to all.

* **Punchbowle** (*full*), **Barneys** (*medium*) **and Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*). **Home Prices 4/3½d. oz**

(309) **John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle upon Tyne**

A Weather Coat of limited production—for the few and not for the masses. A Coat for men in high places.

WETHERDAIR

THE IMPECCABLE WEATHER COAT

WET WETHER **WETHERDAIR**

WETHERDAIR LTD.
Bradford, London & Northern Ireland

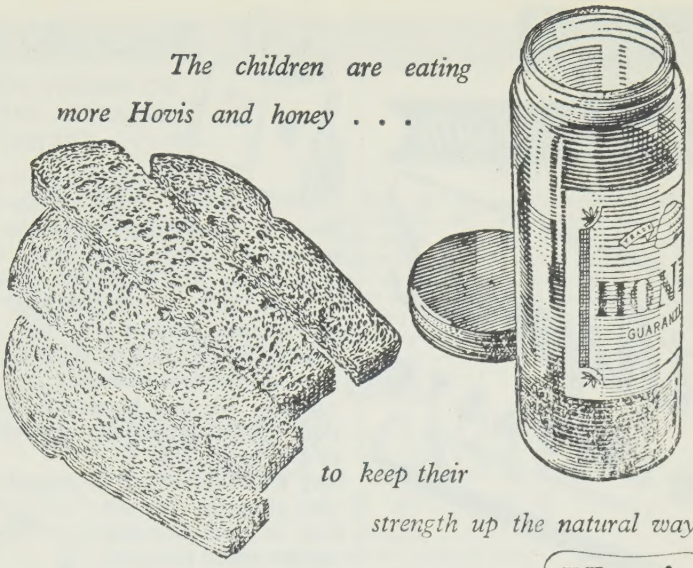
MATRICULATION

- Matriculation is the first step to a Degree at the University of London (obtainable without residence). It is also the most widely recognised certificate of a good general education, and as such is a valuable qualification for obtaining posts in banks, commercial offices, etc.
- U.C.C., founded in the year 1887, with its staff of highly qualified Tutors, has successfully prepared many thousands of students for London University Matriculation. AFTER JUNE 1951 THE EXAM. WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Consequently, those who wish to take the last chance of obtaining this valuable certificate should enrol now with U.C.C. for the Jan. or June exams. 1951. *The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern.*
- Write for PROSPECTUS post free on application to the Registrar,

University Correspondence College

64 Burlington House, Cambridge

The children are eating more Hovis and honey . . .

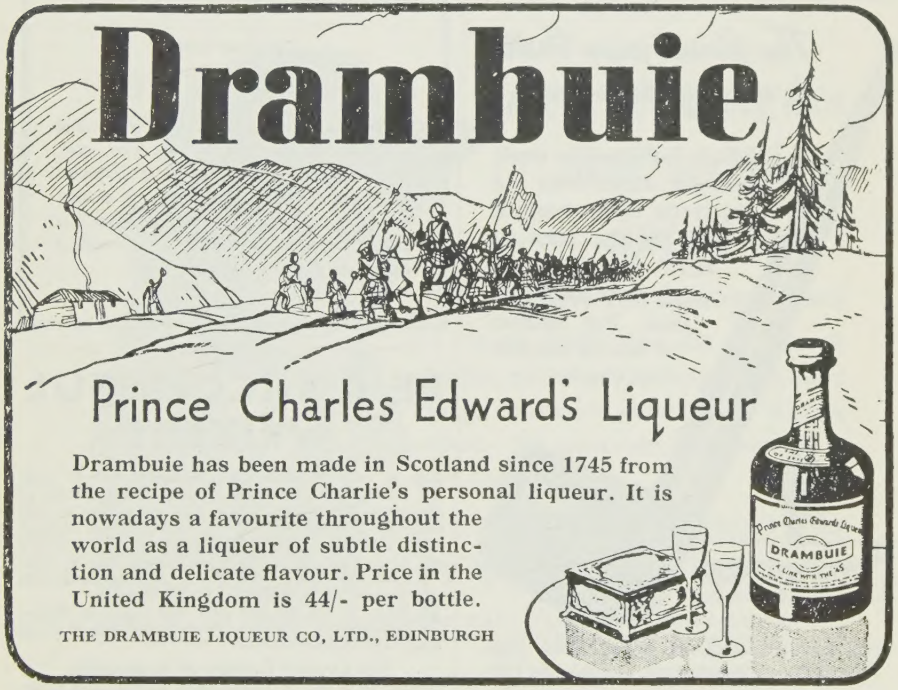


to keep their strength up the natural way

THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD **Hovis**

H::K

Drambuie



Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur

Drambuie has been made in Scotland since 1745 from the recipe of Prince Charlie's personal liqueur. It is nowadays a favourite throughout the world as a liqueur of subtle distinction and delicate flavour. Price in the United Kingdom is 44/- per bottle.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO, LTD., EDINBURGH

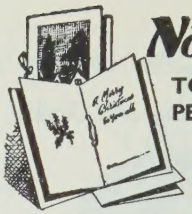
Keep your Teeth clean with

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



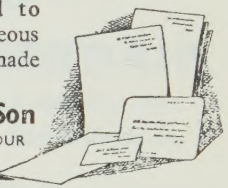
Now's the time

TO ORDER YOUR PERSONAL GREETING CARDS

You will have a much wider choice than would be possible later, and you will be assured of receiving the cards, specially printed with your own name and address, in good time to send to your friends wherever they may be.

Whilst you are in our shop ask to see some of the fine stationery that is now available. We shall be glad to emboss or print it with your address in a style suited to your personality.

Any W.H.S. shop will be pleased to show you samples and to help in that courteous manner which has made our name famous.



W. H. Smith & Son

1500 BRANCHES AT YOUR SERVICE

The finest pipe that money can buy.

Skilfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old bruyere root—truly a pipe for the connoisseur. Available at high-class tobacconists. For address of nearest stockist write to—

Foursome

THE ROBERT SINCLAIR TOBACCO CO. LTD.
Blenheim Factory, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne

The Trade Mark

WORLD REVIEW

registered under No. 614365 in respect of periodical printed publications, was on 26th May, 1949, assigned by Hulton Press Limited, of Oldbourne Hall, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4 to Edward George Warris Hulton of Oldbourne Hall, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4 without the goodwill *of the business in which it was then in use.*

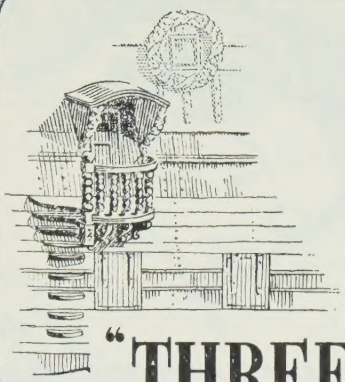
BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER!

Take up now this ideal spare-time work. For 27 years Mr. Frank Potter, Principal of the London College of Authorship, has trained average men and women to earn spare-time incomes of £10 a week upward by his personal Postal Tuition in Article and Story Writing. Why not YOU?

¶ Learn just what things Editors want, how to write them, how to sell. Test free the most fascinating and paying spare-time work of this journalistic age.

¶ Write To-day for free Book and learn the Secrets of Successful Authorship. Write ('Free Book W.R., 54 please' on a postcard will do):

The London College of Authorship (Dept. W.R.54), 3, Parkshott, Richmond, S.W.



Entry Ports

As ships' sides became higher the difficulty of boarding them by a rope ladder increased, and 'entry ports' made their appearance. At first entered by means of simple cleat steps, they soon became canopied, balustraded and handsomely carved until, by the time of the Restoration, they were a picturesque feature of the great three-deckers.

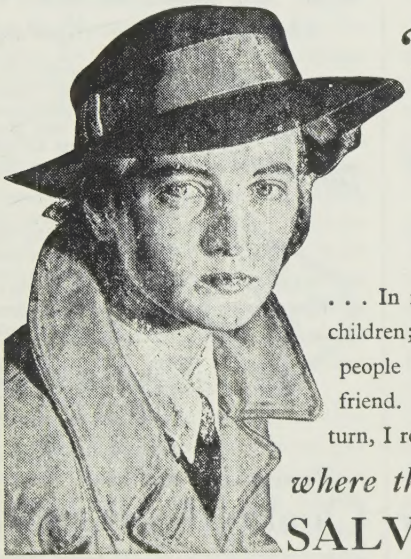
THE "THREE CASTLES"

CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

MANUFACTURED BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.



'I've seen sights that would appal you'

— SAYS THE HEALTH VISITOR

. . . In my district, there still are neglected children; old folk with nobody to help them; people who don't seem to have a single friend. But when there seems nowhere to turn, I remember

where there's need – there's The

SALVATION ARMY

GIFTS PLEASE TO: GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN, C.B.E., 101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4

all this...

and a 7 too!

ABDULLA No 7

'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/10

ALSO *Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian*

For Deep Restorative Sleep

Drink delicious

OVALTINE

The World's Best Night-cap

—and note the Difference!

DO you wake up in the morning really refreshed—bright-eyed and buoyant? If not, your sleep has not been as deep and restorative as it should be.

A cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' at bedtime will help you to enjoy the best kind of sleep every night. This deep, restful sleep comes in an entirely natural way, for 'Ovaltine' is prepared only from Nature's finest foods.

The Highest possible **Quality** *at the lowest possible price*

Its soothing nourishment relieves nervous tension, influences relaxation and quickly prepares the way for sleep. Moreover, it helps to reinforce strength and energy while you sleep.

Remember

Quality *has made* **Ovaltine**

the most widely used Food Beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 2/4 and 4/- per tin

P727A

Editorial

THE WAY OF THE WORLD— is rarely to take the British people at their own valuation. Certainly it is not to take at the valuation of the Government Britain's latest 'dollar crisis'. To the country at large that phrase lost its meaning long ago. To tell people that the gold reserve is falling and we must cut dollar imports once again (but it will mean only a little more austerity) is now to tell them that there is nothing fresh to worry about. That has certainly been the effect—as well as, apparently, the Government's intention—especially since there is also a vague promise of conjuring a rabbit out of a hat in the financial talks at Washington. In some mysterious way those are to deal with the 'long-term problem'. The impression is that our troubles come from 'maladjustments' in obscure matters of international finance, and from the wickedness of American capitalism in letting its post-war boom end; in Britain all we have to do is to go on nobly as we are, with a little gentle exhortation about increasing productivity (without harder work) and about making the worker better off by lowering prices rather than by raising wages.

No one outside Britain believes all this. What has happened in the United States, and in some other countries, is only a mild business recession, not a slump. It is the inevitable adjustment after the post-war rush of buying. Before the war the international effects of such a change would have been smoothed out fairly easily through multilateral trade and the normal flow of short-term private credits. It would not have been a 'crisis'. Now it is. At the first impact of tighter markets in the United States, the dollar deficit of the sterling countries almost doubled, and there is only the gold reserve to take the shock. The intended cut of imports by one quarter will close less than one third of the gap; Marshall Aid is unlikely to cover as much as another third. As things stand, Britain will get to the end of her gold and dollar reserve next year—and will have no scope for further import cuts except at the cost of shortages of raw materials which will lower production and cause heavy unemployment. Other European countries are still running large dollar deficits as well, but they also have more 'non-essential' imports to cut if need be. The British position looks almost the weakest of all.

FRESH international arrangements to deal with the general dollar problem are, therefore, in American eyes and in the eyes of most of the world, a secondary matter. The first remedy has to be found in Britain, by Britain. British production costs are too high for the dollar markets; the British people are trying to stand out for a higher return on their work than it will fetch in a competitive world. The gold reserve is not big enough for the stand to last much longer. Either the work has to be improved—costs have to be lowered by greater effort and higher efficiency; or it has to be done for a smaller return: the British standard of living has to

fall. The widespread belief that the pound will be devalued is a belief that we shall not avoid the second alternative; devaluation means exporting more in order to earn a given volume of imports. The British Government naturally clings to the first alternative, but so far shrinks from the tighter financial policy at home, probably involving some temporary increase in unemployment—which would be quite effective a thing as far as incentives go—by which it might be achieved. One way or the other, the choice has to be made soon; the gold reserve, which has enabled it to be put off so far, is running out fast.

SELF-FULFILMENT

'The moral quality that characterises the tactical spirit of our Soviet football is high and inspired with a collective feeling of the game. Almost every one of our players, without hesitating, would pass the ball to his partner if that one had a slightly greater chance to make a goal. This is done, not only because of game discipline, but with a sense of internal satisfaction.'

—Soviet Sport

ABOUT OURSELVES

It will be ten years this month since the outbreak of the last war, and a number of our articles are devoted to this theme: Bertrand Russell surveys the whole structure of our time; Gerald Barry recalls September 3, 1939, when he was editor of the *News Chronicle*; and Paul Anderson reports from Germany on the Germans today. Shorn of all journalese, the answer to our question, 'What have they learned?' is, lamentably, 'Very little, if anything'. The time surely is coming when we must see through the hypocrisy of the German mind and begin to realise that the German menace will be as great as any in Europe in the next decade.

In Malraux's remarkable study of T. E. Lawrence, there emerges a symbolical figure of unusual interest: the liberal hero. 'Every great form of politics which surpasses the politics of politicians,' Malraux has said somewhere, 'creates a particular human type. Let us hope that ours will be of that creative order.' In contrast to political liberalism, which Malraux thinks must lead to confusion, he places cultural liberalism, which alone, in his view, can lead towards the greatest political freedom, not because it excludes the strength of will, but precisely because it is founded on it. Such a liberal hero in the intellectual sphere is still, no doubt, nothing but a myth, and it remains to be seen whether Malraux is right in his belief that, in years to come, human ideals will begin to orientate towards the T. E. Lawrence prototype.

Malraux's original manuscript was destroyed by the Germans and had to be rewritten. So far only one chapter—which we are privileged to print this month and next—has been finished, but we hope to be able to publish further instalments as they become available. The book is to appear eventually from the House of Gallimard in Paris under the title which we have given to our article.

A POSTSCRIPT

Since writing the article on Poetry in Schools, *the author, Henry Treece, was invited to assist in a course arranged by the Ministry of Education at Oxford last month to stimulate schoolteachers in the teaching of poetry.* '*There,*' Mr. Treece tells us, '*a staff consisting mainly of His Majesty's Inspectors did much to break down the present prejudices and to suggest ways of providing secondary school children with a lasting interest in poetry. This course was directed mainly towards the converted, since only interested teachers attended it; moreover, however enthusiastic such teachers might have become, on returning to their schools possibly only a minority may overcome opposition from their seniors and Headmasters, or surmount the financial difficulties of providing books and gramophone equipment. A splendid start—but not enough. My belief still holds, that even more positive Ministerial action is necessary.*'

ANDRÉ MALRAUX

THE DEMON OF THE ABSOLUTE

A STUDY OF T. E. LAWRENCE

1922. Colonel Lawrence—thirty-three years old—after his Arabian campaign, the Peace Conference and a temporary retirement, having become one of Winston Churchill's advisers on Arabian affairs, has just returned from the Hedjaz where he had been sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to the King, who was indebted to him for his crown. For the first time he feels that he is 'on the other side of the barricade'. He has just re-read the proofs of The Seven Pillars of Wisdom, *which he had dreamt would be 'one of the giant books' ranking with* Moby Dick, Karamazov *and* Zarathustra.

What follows is not a review of The Seven Pillars, *but an analysis of the feelings of the author faced by his book—feelings which later he was to modify.*

Lawrence, having just sent in his resignation, writes to Churchill: 'There are many other things I want to do.' He is about to make up his mind to enlist as an aircraftsman under an assumed name.

'*There are many other things I want to do.*' But there was only one thing, and he knew it only too well.

To give a meaning to one's life involves submitting it to a value unquestioned by oneself; the values which possess this redeeming quality (liberty, charity of heart, God) imply a sacrifice, or the semblance of a sacrifice for the good of mankind, whether he who has chosen them cares about this or not. Admitting it or ignorant of it, they necessitate changing the order of the world, and by that, like art, they are man's great allies against destiny.

If Lawrence had violently defended the power which he had conquered and at first almost usurped, it was because no great action can be directed otherwise. Without doubt, the fact that this power assumed his own shape sometimes thrilled him. But a power whose shape he would have to assume did not attract him at all. Action for action's sake, power for power's sake, were foreign to him. The instinct which leads the politician to slide into the Ministry, the statesman into the rôle of leader, did not lead him to wish to direct the colonial policy of England, but to try once more to transform into lucidity the confusion which till then had been his lot.

SINCE the end of 1920 he had been concentrating on his vast narrative. When it was half finished, he had re-read it searchingly for the first time, on his way from Jeddah to the Transjordan, with an anguish which mounted the more he read. But could he judge this text which he knew by heart and when his memory always anticipated his writing? Was he reading or was he renewing a troubled dialogue with the past that had gone by since he had left the greedy and intractable king? The boat was passing in turn by Rabegh, Yenbo, Wejh, Akaba. . . .

He had taken his manuscript, corrections finished, to the *Oxford Times* Press; to get a few copies printed would cost less than to

'I resent having to multiply the book [The Seven Pillars of Wisdom] at all, but the pictures are a burden, and I can't pay for their printing. My affairs went wrong, and now I'm a private in the army, rather helpless to improve them, or the writing of the book (it's part ponderous, part hysterical, too long, and very amateurish), and to get it all out of the way will be a blessing and a labour too.'

T. E. Lawrence in a letter to Sir Hugh Walpole

get it typed. He had received the proofs in July after his decision to leave the Colonial service. Now that all action was denied him, he felt himself even more involved in this intellectual adventure than he had been in the Arabian one: imprisoned with this book for his decisive struggle with the angel, more given up to himself by the disintegrations of all to which he had hitherto been attached than he had been by the fear of defeat at the Peace Conference or by Feisal's flight. With these proofs before him, he counted upon recovering that virginity of regard and judgment which his manuscript no longer afforded him. And, indeed, he did recover them: a book written 'better than the majority of retired Army officers' but with several 'hysterical' passages.

The exaltation of the Revolt had been as evident to him as had the comedy of the Peace Conference against which he had attempted to resurrect it, but the Arabs' cupidity had been no less apparent, rather had it been the more so, since, to the eyes of the Arabs, the English treasure-chest was inexhaustible, and not to profit by it would have been folly, for all money won in battle is nobly gained. Lawrence knew that his reader, whoever he might be, would demand purity of a national movement. The soldier can be hero and looter at the same time, but of the leader, even of the fighter, in a national or social revolt, the brotherly sympathy of the reader expects only exemplary actions. Everything opposed to the revolutionary convention is more ruthlessly suppressed from the histories of revolutions, and by the same obscure forces as erase the remembrances of shame from private memoirs.

Lawrence had written: 'What I saw before me was the beginning of an Epic, and what I showed was endless bargainings.' Of the chief of the Juheinas who had watched the army of Feisal murmuring, 'Now we are a people. . . .' Lawrence, while writing, knew that he had abandoned the Arab cause a few months later. The oath imposed by Feisal had only been a truce even in the minds of those who had taken it. At each victory, at Akaba, at Deraa, the vendetta was reborn; at Damascus it had not only been Abd-el-Kader's folly that had caused the victorious army to fight at once against its allies. The Arabs had wished less to create an Arabia than to expel the Turks. The Syrians had not wished to create a Syria: the word Syria does not exist in Arabic. Nothing, apart from hate for the Turks, had united the intellectuals of Beirut and the initiated Druses. In the eyes of a European reader, every national movement is first of all a brotherhood. . . .

What was worthy of admiration in the Revolt was not that imaginary journey by which the Arabs were to revive the beginning of the Islamic epic; it was that men, in

turn courageous and weak, greedy and generous, heroic and vile, as are all men, any more than many others should have retaken their historic capital after so many failures. Lawrence had intended to recover the enthusiasm which the Revolt had inspired in the crowds at the Albert Hall, but by basing it on truth: the same antagonism which Lawrence of Arabia felt to that enthusiasm, he found opposed also to his story in its legend. For that he had needed, above all, the great means of expressing enthusiasm, that of lyricism. It was necessary that, in spite of the bargainings, desertions, treacheries, the reader should be carried away by one of those exalting epics of generosity which make one believe that the beauty of the world is to be found in a few inspired days. Lyricism alone could do this: not the descriptive lyricism which lives by what it relates, but that transfigurating lyricism which lives by what it brings with it. The gifts of an artist are not always, alas, those which are most necessary to him; and Lawrence compared himself with a writer wishing to make of Waterloo the epic that Victor Hugo made of it, yet who possessed only the means which allowed Stendhal to make a comedy of it.

Ever since he had started to write, he had known that the Revolt inspired in him such conflicting emotions that he had only overcome them by beginning as a speech for the defence. The only way not to be paralysed by this was by not imposing on his book any premeditated architecture. Following the thread of his war diary, or of the memoranda jotted in the margins of his notebooks, he had given his memory free rein; his editing of these had also been an adventure. The dynamiting of a bridge or the attack on a train, implying a preparation, companions-in-arms, setbacks and success, allow of lengthy expositions if only the memory gives a little help; but what of the organisation of an intelligence service made up of conversations all alike and which, being held in another language, cannot be quoted as expressing the character of those who have held them? Of all that concerned the secret service, of the execution of his chief plan: to get the Arabs to enter Damascus first, Lawrence had chosen to be, if not discreet, at least brief; whence the singular perspective in which all the aid given to Allenby for the break-through which had forced Turkey to ask for an armistice is afforded less space than an attack on two trains, the discovery of Feisal's negotiations with the Turks less space than the treachery of Abd-el-Kader.

Lawrence discovered now that the detailed account of his acts was far from being the best means of expressing his action. He had wished to bring his testimony to the resurrection of a people, and it seemed to him at times that he was re-reading the memoirs of a dynamiter. . . .

So much so that, having written in order to vest a confusedly legendary insurrection with its greatness, he wondered whether his reader's first question when confronted by the Revolt set down so precisely was not going to be: 'Was this all, then?'

In any case, he would have written the only history of the Revolt. He would not have lied. The researches of historians would not uncover a single important fact that he had not at least suggested. How many witnesses of history would have borne so faithful a testimony, and would at the same time have forced themselves to mask or weaken their own rôle? He hardly believed in history. But he believed in art; and the implacable evidence to show that his book was not a work of art was imposed upon him in those days of despair when he had read the printed words as if they were the work of another. He did not excuse himself for not being an artist because 'artist is the proudest profession.'

'Daily-mailish' writing; 'second-hand words. . . .' Though by dint of labour he had succeeded in vesting this writing with accent, he ceased to hope from it the royal gift which reconciles contradictions and mingles strength and weakness in a transfigured unity.

His book was not a great narrative. The

history of the technique of narrative for three centuries, like that of painting, has followed essentially the search for a third dimension; for that in the novel which is lost in narrative; for that which permits not the telling but the representing, the changing of past into present. Narration expresses a past which is made present by depicting it in scenes. Just as painters have invented perspective, so novelists have found atmosphere, using dialogue as the medium for this metamorphosis; the art of modern narrative consists also of a just perspective between what is represented and what is related. Would not Dostoievsky have made of such memories a breathless succession of scenes? Lawrence's narrative prevailed over his scenes to such a pitch that he recognised nothing in this linear and strained book of the frenzy which had moved him to write up to twenty hours a day. Was it enough that he had discarded all facile effects, all wish to please, all concessions? Or that he was sure he had avoided vulgarity? The absence of premeditated perspective and the dependence on his diary had brought him to an absence of artistic perspective, to an action unfolded on a single plane. The savagery of discipline among his bodyguard, those men with scars always fresh from flogging, wandering about him while he read *La Morte d'Arthur*, who lived as a fierce and constant contradiction of all that was purest in his wish for victory and his resolution that not a single man should be killed in vain—all that background of evil which, by its tormenting contrast to every ideal would have expressed so well the absurdity that Lawrence felt in such poignant fashion—of all that he could make no more than a fragment of bloody picturesqueness.

At least this book, considering it solely as a book of memoirs, might have revealed through its characters the mystery which obsessed its author. What existence had these figures? That of the Arabs hardly ever exceeded the picturesque, that of the English a sketch. What reader, with the book shut, would 'know' Joyce, Young or Clayton? Was not Feisal, his most characterised figure, the work of an official painter? One cannot elucidate the mystery of human beings in a speech for the defence.

He doubted whether knowledge of a man was knowledge of his secrets, wishing to the point of fury not to be confounded with his own. But had he reached by other ways that flow of the irrational by which a character takes life and which fascinates the great memoirist as well as the great novelist, Saint-Simon as well as Tolstoy? Those beings he had seen in action he had instinctively recalled within their definition and confined them in the meaning which action had so often imposed upon them. Not one of them carried within himself the seeds of his future destiny: events seemed not to evoke a lightly touched part of themselves but to impose upon them a complete metamorphosis. To what part of the chevalier Auda did his negotiations with the Turks relate, and to what part of Feisal, Saracen prince and judge of Israel, his talks for a separate peace?

Lawrence would have wished that in his book, as in those of his masters, the secret soil of a man should be illuminated by the unforeseen acts which arise from it. But he, whom his companions had hardly ever caught unawares—only once when Zeid had embezzled the funds which had been entrusted to him—tended to be conventional in the portrayal of human beings. Auda's greed had surprised him less than it would surprise his reader. Throughout a book in which complexity played so large a part, had he not drawn forcefully only simple and secondary characters? Abd-el-Kader's soul was without doubt unintelligible, and the reader would only accept it because he knew that Lawrence reported the facts. In a work of fiction the Algerian might have been unacceptable; but the characters of the great memoirists are people whom the reader would believe to be true even if he knew that the author had imagined them.

(*To be continued*)

Ten Years After

RETROSPECT AND OUTLOOK

BERTRAND RUSSELL

TEN years ago the Second World War began; four years ago it ended in victory. The time has come when it is possible to take stock of gains and losses since 1939, and to hazard some conjectures as to the decade ahead of us.

The victors of 1919 had an opportunity such as no one could have expected: Germany and Russia, though on opposite sides, were both defeated and unable to obstruct the work of peace-making. President Wilson perceived what the times needed, but he was bamboozled and defeated by Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Senator Lodge. Because these men even could not take the trouble to think unfamiliar thoughts, the world has had to endure a second great war and may have to endure a third. And at the end of the second there was no such opportunity of establishing lasting peace as had existed at the end of the first.

It is both easy and profitless to be wise after the event. If law-abiding nations had vigorously opposed Japan in Manchuria in 1931, Italy in Abyssinia, Hitler in the Rhineland, in Austria and in Czechoslovakia, world peace could have been preserved. But those who wished to preserve peace drifted into a great war from fear of little wars. When once Hitler had been allowed to grow strong, war became inevitable. In retrospect, it is hard to see how those who favoured appeasement can have thought otherwise—except by studying some of their successors at the present day. The British Government at the time of Munich allowed itself a day-dream: Hitler was to attack Russia, to destroy Communism, and to be, at the end, too exhausted to risk a conflict with the West. To our surprise and discomfiture, neither Hitler nor Stalin was willing to play this game for our advantage. In those days, appeasement was the policy of the Right; now it is that of the Left. But it is based on illusion now just as much as it was then.

After making almost every possible mistake, we found ourselves landed with a war which, on paper, we ought to have lost. And we should have lost it if our enemies, after 1940, had not been even sillier than we were before that year. If Hitler had not attacked Russia, and if the Japanese had attacked only the British, instead of both the British and the Americans, we should have been compelled, sooner or later, to conclude a disastrous peace, since we could not have hoped to oust the Germans from France. Mercifully, our enemies blundered, and gave us the victory which had been earned by courage and endurance, but not by brains.

In old days, victory meant in fact what it still means emotionally. After defeating the Armada, England prospered, and produced all the glories of the age of Shakespeare and

Good Queen Bess. After Waterloo, Napoleon was tucked away in St. Helena; everybody settled down to enjoy a quiet time, and England entered upon the peaceful progress of the Victorian era. But modern wars are different. Two victories in a generation have brought us to the verge of ruin, and we all shudder at the thought of the disasters that a third victory would entail. Painful experience has generated in many people a very dangerous mood—a mood in which it seems that all great effort is futile, that vigorous action never attains the goal at which it aims, and that we may as well enjoy the moment in idleness, since the deluge will come whatever we do. If too many people think and feel in this way, their own apathy will make their fears come true. But the evils in the prospect of which they pessimistically acquiesce are not inevitable. Wise policy and a prolongation of effort can still bring a great reward, not only to our own country, but to all the world. Hope is what is needed. Communists have hope, and that is the source of their strength. I think their hope is irrational, and I think that those who stand for democracy have a right to a more rational hope. But unfortunately weariness makes many of them incapable of such optimism as the times allow.

Just as, down to Munich, we were too conciliatory to Hitler, so, in recent years, we have been too conciliatory to Stalin. And, just as our retreats before Hitler's menaces precipitated the second war, so retreats before Stalin, if continued, would precipitate a third war. Fortunately this has come to be realised—I hope, not too late.

While the war was still in progress, the Western Powers feared that Russia might make a separate peace, and were thus open to blackmail. This may excuse concessions made at Teheran and Yalta, but cannot excuse Potsdam. Still less can it excuse our acquiescence in the violations of the Potsdam Agreement which began almost immediately. What are now the satellite countries were to have had democratically-elected governments, and most of them, as we know, had anti-Communist majorities. But the friends of the West in those countries were liquidated or imprisoned or sent to forced labour, and an iron despotism was imposed. From the Pacific Ocean to the Elbe, no free voice is allowed utterance. And in all the satellite countries this iron slavery has been imposed in defiance of solemn undertakings to the contrary.

We fought Hitler for two reasons. The ostensible and traditional reason was that he threatened our national existence; this was the same reason that had made us fight Philip II and Louis XIV and Napoleon and the Kaiser. But, in addition to this, there was the ideological reason: he stood for a way of life and a system of government which to us was odious. We did not like the Police State; we did not like the unspeakable cruelties towards Jews and political opponents; we did not like the nonsense about the *Herrenvolk*, the master race before whom all others were to bow down. Many of us felt that it would be better to be dead than to live under such a régime, and this feeling kept the nation steadfast in 1940. I think, and almost all Britons think, that we were right in 1940, though the prospect of victory was then remote. But I think—and in this view there is less unanimity—that Stalin is virtually indistinguishable from Hitler, and that so long as his system threatens our liberties, the war has not been won.

Yes, but can war possibly produce such a world as any humane democrat would wish to see? Is it not only too probable that we shall lose our liberties if we attempt to defend them by force of arms? This argument was used before the late war, and I must confess that I myself attached a great deal of weight to it. It is possible now to sum up what was true and what was fake in the argument. In the West, though there has been immense impoverishment, there has not been any appreciable loss of liberty or democracy. In certain Eastern countries—notably Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania—there has been a complete loss in both respects, but not more than if

the Western Powers had persisted in the Munich policy. If they had persisted in that policy, the nations of Eastern Europe would have been partitioned between Germany and Russia, the Hitler-Stalin pact would probably have lasted, and Western Europe would, in the end, have been overwhelmed by the alliance of the victorious tyrants. I conclude that, bad as the world is now, it is not as bad as it would have been if the Second World War had not taken place.

But it would be folly to deny that another world war, however it might end, would be likely to work tremendous disaster, some of it irreparable, and much of it requiring centuries to repair. It is therefore obviously the part of statesmanship to seek for ways short of war by which to preserve what we value in our civilisation.

WHAT must we do if we are to preserve peace without surrender?

The first thing, I think, is to make it clear that, if the Russians will cease to interfere with us, we will not interfere with internal affairs in their own regions. At present they foment strikes, do all in their power to prevent the economic recovery of Western Europe, and support political parties which announce that, in a war, they would play the part of Quislings. All their publicity is passionately and mendaciously hostile to the West, and there is every reason to think that they would go to war with us if they dared. So long as this is the case, we are bound to feel defensively a reciprocal hostility. But we ought not to encourage a crusading spirit, and we ought to make it clear that, if we were allowed to live in peace, we would allow them also to live in the way that seems good to them. Our interference should be only in matters involving our own safety.

But if such a tolerant policy is to be possible, we must be confident in our own defensive strength; we must have reason to feel secure both against external defeat and against internal disruption. In France and Italy the danger of internal disruption was, until lately, very considerable, but, owing chiefly to Marshall aid, it is now much less. The only protection against the spread of Communism in Western Europe is economic recovery. It seems that, in principle, America realises this, and is prepared to take the necessary steps. But although the American Government wishes to do what is wise, many in Congress and among the general public are still very ignorant and very unenlightened as regards all economic questions. They still think it both possible and desirable to sell without buying, and when they are told that Europe cannot recover unless European goods are admitted to the United States, they begin to think that recovery can be too dearly bought. With the exception of Scotch whisky, we produce hardly anything that they admit without reluctance. The dangers of this mentality are very great, and may quite possibly produce economic disaster.

The military problem, in so far as it is separable from that of economic recovery, is in essence simple. If we are to feel secure against Russian aggression, we must not only be fairly confident of ultimate victory, but must also be able to defend Western Europe from temporary occupation of Russian armies. Some American strategists contemplate with equanimity a war which would begin by a Russian conquest of all Europe up to the Channel and the Pyrenees, and in which, by making friends with Franco, and by dropping atom bombs on their enslaved friends, American troops would, in the course of years, gradually 'liberate' a series of devastated and depopulated countries. But it cannot be expected that France or Belgium or Holland or Western Germany will be very enthusiastic about such a war. For it is, of course, obvious that all able-bodied adults in the occupied countries would be set to convict labour in prison camps, and that the children who survived would be indoctrinated with Soviet philosophy. No subsequent victory could re-create the great nations that have been the main creators of Western civilisation, or bring back to life the millions who would have perished in Siberian gold mines or Arctic forests.

So long as the threat of such disaster oppresses Western Europe, our policy in dealing with the Russians must be hesitant and timid. If the cost of war is not to be so terrible as to leave us exposed to blackmail, there must be, in Western Germany or very near it, forces sufficiently powerful to hold the Russians in check from the first. This condition is still very far from being fulfilled. When it is, we shall no longer need to fear the Russians, and shall be able to insist upon their behaving in a manner that will remove the imminent threat of war which now darkens the world.

Given the economic and military measures that defence against Communist domination requires, I think it may be hoped that the Russian government would in time grow less hostile and more liberal, so that peace might come to rest on mutual understanding and not merely upon the superior military might of the West. It may be thought that it would be foolish to expect so great a change. But the whole outlook of Communism is based upon faith in ultimate victory, a victory which (so the orthodox believe) Marx has demonstrated to be inevitable. So far, the course of events has done much to support this view. When the Bolsheviks seized the government in the autumn of 1917, they were a small minority in Russia, and Russia was prostrate under the German armies. The Bolsheviks, at first, expected to be overthrown within a few months. But they made peace with the Germans; they were victorious in the civil wars against Kolchak and Denikin and Wrangel; they held their own in resisting the half-hearted attacks of British, French, Americans and Japanese. In time they won recognition, and were even admitted to the League of Nations. Their victory over the Germans in the Second World War is believed by most of them to have been entirely due to their own efforts; few among them realise what was done by the Americans and the British. And now their Empire is greater than it ever was under the Tsars. Communism has recently won a resounding victory in China, and to enthusiastic Russian patriots world dominion at no distant date appears by no means impossible. So long as such hopes continue to seem reasonable in Russian eyes, there can be no stable peace in the world.

BUT if a halt can be called to Russian expansion, the myth of the inevitability of Communist victory will gradually cease to be credible. If this is to be achieved, many difficult things must be accomplished. In the West, there must be economic and military revival, and a considerable political unification; there must be a diminution in the number of Communists and in their influence on trade unions. In Asia, whatever regions are not yet won for Communism must be persuaded not to change sides; this requires energetic measures for combating poverty in India, and a policy more friendly to the Arabs than has hitherto been adopted by America. In Germany—the most difficult of all the problems of the present day—it must be made clear that only Russia stands in the way of unification, and that, so far as the Western Zones are concerned, we favour revival and a rapid development towards independence within the framework of Western Union. To almost every part of this programme there will be powerful opposition, but I think the whole of it is unnecessary if we are to succeed in resisting Russia without war.

If it can be made obvious to the Russians that the West is more powerful than they are, it is to be expected that they will change profoundly and become very much more amenable. If such an obvious preponderance on our side can be achieved, it will have to be used boldly with a view to permanent peace. For although, if we are wise, we can be the stronger side in the near future, we cannot retain this superiority for ever. The Russians will presumably have atomic bombs before very long; their population increases very much faster than that of the West, and China is an immense reservoir of potential power. We must, therefore, while we can, insist—even to the point of war,

(*Continued on page* 80)

Comments on GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S new play

'BUOYANT BILLIONS'

produced for the first time in England at the Malvern Festival

STEPHEN WINSTEN and ESMÉ PERCY

THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS

(1) Why did you call your new play a 'Comedy of No Manners' when this is the best-mannered play you have written? In Act I, father and son are exceptionally courteous.

They are not courteous. They are simply frank, which is the extremity of [redacted] no manners. This takes the play out of the well category called Comedy of Manners.

(2) If, as the result of taxation, there will be no more wealthy folk, what will Worldbetterers do if they cannot marry 'for money'?

Just what they do at present when they cannot attract wealthy wives.

(3) All the wisdom seems to have been put into the mouths of native and Eastern. Have you given up hope on the Pinks?

Read the play again. The pink women are as wise as the yellow men; and none of the

white men are ~~[illegible]~~ nitwits. But east is east and west is west throughout.

(4) In *Good King Charles* Kneller seems to have the better of Newton in argument. Here, in *Buoyant Billions*, you go all out for the mathematician. Does it mean you have changed your mind?

I do not go all out for anybody or anything. I am a playwright, not a Boot or Whitewash doctrinaire. I give Newton his own point of view and Kneller his own also. There is no change nor contradiction on my part.

(5) In *Buoyant Billions* it is the male who is the pursuing animal: a change from *Man and Superman?*

There is no pursuing animal in the play. There are two people who fall in love at first sight and are both terrified at finding themselves mad on the subject, ~~[illegible]~~ and caught in a trap laid by the Life Force. Do you expect me to keep writing Man + Superman over and over again?

(6) Do you suggest that Buoyant's training of his children made it difficult for them to cope with changed circumstances?

No. It is difficult for everybody to cope with changed circumstances.

2

HOW 'BUOYANT BILLIONS' WAS WRITTEN

I MUST confess to an avuncular interest in *Buoyant Billions*. When my neighbour came in two years ago with a new play by an anonymous Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, I hoped he had discovered at last a new playwright to follow him. He had often shown me typescript plays of hopeful dramatists, and dismissed them with the remark: 'Why do all the budding dramatists presume on my generosity?' There is certainly room for a new dramatist who can fill the vacuum created by peace. Bernard Shaw himself, being over ninety, could not be expected to write any more plays.

Impatiently I turned the pages of the book and was caught by the last words: 'The future is with the learners.' This noble sentiment was uttered by a Chinese priest in conversation with a Panama native, both concluding that the 'pinks' are freaks, dangerous freaks, since they are unteachable. The play, however, could never end on that pessimistic note, as it was meant for performance before the pinks, and so the playwright, feeling unsatisfied, permitted the curtain to descend inconclusively. He hoped that future dramatists, Western I suppose, would continue it.

MONTHS later, he showed me a completed version. It was still anonymous: the Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature had changed the title from *The Buoyant Billions: An Adventure and a Discussion* to *Buoyant Billions: A Comedy of No Manners*. The author had a hunch for titles, for the second one was undoubtedly more attractive. Why 'No Manners'? It was a discussion in the Russian manner—all wore their brains on their sleeves—a mental strip-tease which revealed everything and got nowhere.

Then came a further revised copy: a new act was added, with a fine long speech, and I had no doubt as to the authorship. Here he declared, taking the play on a much higher plane, that mathematical perception is the noblest of all the faculties and naming not a few pink-faced people who have done much for enlightenment and civilisation. Learners, all of them. The play was transformed from the previous fragment into a completed work of art.

The first act certainly belied the sub-title. Father and son sit and talk quietly, frankly and courteously. The son of a conventional merchant has found his vocation. Listen:

SON: You have always been a model father. But the profession I contemplate is not one that a model father could recommend to his son.

FATHER: And what profession is that, pray?

SON: One that is always unsuccessful . . .

What is the most unsuccessful profession? Bernard Shaw should know. He has dubbed it: WORLDBETTERER. Others before him had thought of it not as a profession but as an urge, an ideal not to be associated with mercenary motives. If always unsuccessful, where do the billions come in? The worldbetterer is not the billionaire, but has sighted the daughter of one. For even Shaw, in spite of his assertions to the contrary, cannot resist a romance. To get as far away from Piccadilly as possible, this daughter has settled herself in a tropical clearance where she can play the soprano saxophone and read Karl Marx and perhaps the *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*, enjoy the company of snakes and alligators who share her taste in music, and be treated as a pink goddess by her native servant, who is not only wise but later proves that he can drive a modern car. It seems at this point that all the real wisdom is with the people who are not born pink.

HE, Junius, the worldbetterer, meets SHE, the forsaker of civilisation.

II

BERNARD Shaw insists that he is never lonely because he can always tell himself stories.

This is the story he has been telling himself for the last few years. As he wanted the whole world to overhear, he left the telling to his creative hours between breakfast and lunch. When he and I were discussing the other day a certain public gentleman who did his best work in the silent hours of the night while others slept, he said: 'Some people do their best work while their minds are asleep. I do my best while my mind is awake.' He has only to sit down and pick up a pen and the magic begins to work. The world would not go to pieces if he stopped writing, but he would, and that must not happen.

As there has been a ten-year break between his last play and *Buoyant Billions*, critics will look for an obvious decline in creative power, and say: 'His memory is going.'

His creative power has not waned. He fills the vacuum as lightly and pleasantly as ever. Life refuses to yield all its secrets even to a genius, and so the argument goes on, often inconsequential, often flippant and occasionally luminous enough to light up the contemporary world. It is for these luminous moments we look to his plays. You will not find the poetry of *Heartbreak House*, you will not find the great sweep of thought of *Man and Superman*, nor the clashes of vision of *Major Barbara*, but there is something here which the others lack—there is peace here. Old Bill Buoyant, the maker of billions, is not the argumentative sort, and he has found his peace, not in Innisfree, but in the wilds of Belgrave Square. Here in his drawing-room he has established a Chinese temple to give him the serenity his soul demands before he can go out and make the next billion. You see, his money is made by buying stocks and shares and selling them again at a profit. These profits are not liable to taxation, and so it has been possible for him to remain enormously wealthy while all others are reduced to 'penury'. The possession of a Chinese temple does not mean that he has been converted to a new religion. 'Meditation,' he says, 'is not my line: I speculate. And my speculations turn out well when I spend an hour here and just empty my mind.' His children, all of them, seem to be immune from the soothing effect of this holy interior. They argue and quarrel: his eldest daughter, as we already know, has retreated to the solitudes of the Panama; another finds refuge in mathematics and the youngest of all is appalled by the realisation that civilisation is so impregnated with falsehood that the only man who is accused of lying is the truth-seeker. In other words, he is on the way to becoming another worldbetterer.

We are now ready to carry the romance one stage further. The Worldbetterer, having induced his father to give him the means to carry out research in the Panama, finds himself in this desolate place, thirsty and starving. He had been tramping the wilds and at last has come across something human—a lonely shack. Any non-Shavian product would have washed his feet and fed him, but things like that are not done in Shawland.

HE: Have you any milk? Or a hunk of bread or an onion?

SHE: Not for you.

HE: Why not? Have you any religion?

SHE: No. Get out.

He does not get out. He is drawn to her by the force of animal magnetism. He knew nothing of her tastes, her intelligence and the little he knew of her manners and her temper did not deter him. This was the very person he had seen at the Opera in London and she was, moreover, the daughter of perhaps the only billionaire in this country.

'I feel I must possess her. For this I have no excuse. Nature has struck this blow at me. I can neither explain it nor resist it: I am mad about her. All I can do is to marry her for her money.' She also is ultimately stricken with this hopeless disease. She declares: 'I found myself what is called falling in love. I had illusions, infatuations, impulses that were utterly unreasonable and irresistible . . . and all for a man of whom I knew nothing: a passing vagabond who had begged a meal from me.' This not unusual situation gives G.B.S. the opportunity to deal with the subject of marriage from every point of view, knowing that the last words on the subject will never be said, even by a

mathematician. No formula will ever cover the whole range of experience because 'like fingerprints all marriages are different.' That is why the stage thrives on this theme and even G.B.S. finds it irresistible. There is a family council presided over by a famous solicitor, from which Bill Buoyant deliberately absents himself because he is ashamed of his lack of education.

The family council, however, was not called together to discuss love, but for a more prosaic purpose. Sir Ferdinand Flopper, eminent and ultra-conventional solicitor, was instructed by Bill to put a very simple fact to them, which in the Shavian world is the most difficult thing to do. One has only to tell the truth to call forth abuse, vilification and disruption. The simple fact was that, as the result of ruinous death duties, when old Bill died, they would all have to work. Work was just the thing they were unprepared for. 'We have bits and scraps of tastes and talents for scholarship, painting, playing musical instruments, writing and talking. One brother is a champion amateur boxer. Another is a historian and knows eleven languages. He is also a pedestrian and walks three thousand miles every year on principle. We are all more or less like that.' Pervading the whole play is the glorious father. We get to know all about him, and as a concession, Bernard Shaw has permitted him to appear in person in the last act. Remember fathers are grand folk in *Buoyant Billions*. The numerous sons and daughters admit that he has never spoken a cross word to any of them; that he has been generous beyond measure and has spoilt them utterly. He permits his children to have a University education on condition that they do not take a degree; he gives them all the things they desire on condition that they do not engage in the making of money. He encouraged them to speak what they thought without fear or pretence. He tolerated the worldbetterer because he was frank enough to say that he wanted his daughter for her money. 'You want to better the world when you don't know enough of it to manage a fish and chip business.'

III

I HAVE always considered it a mark of defeatism when an author falls back on Eastern wisdom to the disparagement of Western civilisation. I have not yet discovered that the Easterns are wiser or more spiritual than ourselves. Mahatma Gandhi, who was considered the ultimate example of spiritual perfection, owed much of his inspiration to Tolstoi, Henry Salt and Thoreau. I know that Shaw has always declared himself to be a Jainist but he is essentially a Western in everything, and he prides himself on being a man of the world. It is the Native who lectures the worldbetterer and utters the thought well known to all of us here, that the proof of the existence of God is that there is something within us that makes us hunger and thirst for truth. I wonder how this sagacious native would take the Shavian doctrine uttered by Mrs. Thirdborn: 'When you really believe in a God, you can make fun of Him. When you are only pretending, you pull long faces and call Him Gawd.' He may well ask if G.B.S., who makes fun of all our institutions, does so because he believes in them. Well, the Saga of the Worldbetterer has still to be written. There is no escape in mathematical perfection or in Eastern mysticism. Bernard Shaw obviously thinks himself too young and frivolous to attempt such a huge task and permits his worldbetterer to be drawn away from his divine mission by marrying a woman for her money and calling it animal magnetism. This won't do. Besides, as there will be no more wealthy people, the worldbetterer will have to secure his position by other means. I can mention the name of one person at least who has made a great success of this despised profession. Starting as a street-corner speaker, competing with pub and band, he held the crowd with his wit and wisdom and when, later on, he transferred his oratory to the stage, his influence became world-wide. It's a far cry from *Widowers' Houses* to *Buoyant Billions*, yet the last play goes echoing back, the same voice, the same plaint and the same laugh.

2 STEPHEN WINSTEN

HOW 'BUOYANT BILLIONS' WAS PRODUCED

LAST winter I was directing *Widowers' Houses*, one of Bernard Shaw's earlier plays; now, a few weeks after his ninety-third birthday, I have just conducted the final rehearsals of his latest play, and it is curious how little, in the essentials, the Shavian drama has changed since those early days, except from the director's approach. In the earlier plays there were—if I may in the case of such original and unconventional works use such a word as 'conventional'—there were conventional situations to deal with, concrete dramatic action.

In *Buoyant Billions*, his latest play, as in its immediate predecessors, all this has been reduced to a bare minimum. To quote his own words: 'The divine gift of articulate speech' is the chief essential, and here I find a musical approach of paramount importance, variety of voices, individuality of voice, an intuition of the peculiar Shavian rhythm of speech, a complete loyalty to the Shavian dramatic tradition. If Shaw has achieved the feat of becoming a legend in his own life-time, he is also undoubtedly a classic, and a traditional treatment of his plays, as hitherto Molière at the Comédie Française, should be aimed at. Future generations of directors, producers, call them what you will, may feel impelled to innovations and fanciful trimmings, and bring, as to Shakespeare and others, implications undreamt of by the author.

But to return to the work in hand—the producing of *Buoyant Billions*. Shaw has created a theatre of ideas, and in this play more than ever it is the ideas themselves that are the real *dramatis personæ*, and to make these alive to an audience is no easy task for actors accustomed to plays in which ideas have an infinitesimal part, and in which continual and often meaningless 'moves' are resorted to, to conceal an intellectual vacuum. With the exception of one scene in *Buoyant Billions*, it has been Shaw's wish that 'moves' should be almost completely restricted to getting the actors on and off the stage!

My work as director has, in this instance, been reduced to—I should say concentrated on—giving my actors a sense of timing, of key words, of working up to climaxes to be built on to further climaxes; to give to set speeches spontaneity and by a continuous variety of mood and tempo a sensation to the audience that is hearing the words, is conscious of the thoughts of the individual creations of the author, not just listening to puppets set up to spout Shaw!

G.B.S., especially latterly, likes to think of his audiences as congregations of the faithful; his plays are profoundly religious, their atmosphere that of a church service, but from which laughter is by no means banned. He has not forgotten that the drama is a child of the church—'Sunday clothes and poker faces' are no part of his religion.

Buoyant Billions is by no means a producer's picnic. It is not for the virtuoso producer who, for good or ill, transforms, twists the play into something quite different—it is one that demands the unquestioning carrying out of what the author has written. This may give the impression of something pedestrian—far from it! Dullness is unknown to anything connected with the Shaw drama: to work on it is to be vitalised, to be inspired to the uttermost, like listening to Bach and Mozart.

It has been no easy task, this producing of *Buoyant Billions*, and some of the cast who are playing in Shaw for the first time have been as baffled by him as he himself has been at times when he said of himself: 'I have got the tragedian and I have got the clown in me, and the clown trips me up in the most dreadful way.' But what a joy it has been to have the privilege of directing this latest play of his; and what happiness to have so loyal and so enthusiastic a cast to work with. They are all ardent Shavians now!

ESMÉ PERCY

2

A poet, who is also a schoolmaster, here puts—

The Case for POETRY IN SCHOOLS

HENRY TREECE

A SHORT time ago, a well-known actor said to me, 'If you go through the alphabet, you'll find a great French prose-writer for every letter of it. And if you go through it again, you'll find a great English poet! Yet how many of the young people, leaving our schools today, could use up more than half-a-dozen letters in naming our poets, some of them the finest writers that the European civilisation has produced?'

I replied that I thought the problem had perhaps been stated a little rhetorically, but that, nevertheless, it was a very real one, and to my mind, a very serious one, the fact being that poetry is not taught adequately in our schools, nor is it greatly appreciated when it is taught. Whoever doubts this may ask any schoolmaster who teaches English whether he himself really cares for poetry, and how much time he allows for its teaching during the school week. Then, as a cross-check, ask any group of children from the various types of school how many poems they like and know by heart, and how many of the major poems they can even name.

The results of such questioning are shattering, and I am speaking here from direct experience of them. The schoolmasters put up every possible excuse for not teaching poetry: 'It is too remote from reality; it is too difficult for children to understand or feel; it is pointless and has no obvious use in a child's life; lesson-time can more profitably be spent reading a novel, writing an essay, or assimilating the rules of grammar from set passages of prose, formal grammar not being approved of in these times.' A few extra-honest teachers will admit that poetry is too much for them, and that they themselves had never really cared for it. The children, if they know any poems at all, have usually had to learn them as set tasks, as punishments, or as speech-training exercises, with the result that both children and poetry have suffered.

Now, if the individual teachers only were to blame, such a state of neglect and apathy might be remedied, either by headmasters, Education Committees, or in the last resort by Ministerial edict; always supposing these authorities agreed that man did not live by bread alone, and that almost any evidence of the non-utilitarian human spirit was worth preserving and making known . . . But we cannot be sure that the official mind, at any of its levels, is in any important degree concerned with the Arts, and still less with the art of poetry.

The last war furnished more than adequate proof of this, when the sciences were given an overwhelming predominance in the universities. The potential science man found it relatively easy to read for a degree; the Arts man was regarded, by implication, as useless out of uniform, and often useless in it. What was overlooked was that the Arts are a recreation for the mind and spirit, and, in the simplest terms, as such, are

useful. Nor do I imagine it was at any time discovered that a man's love for Shelley or Catullus made his finger slower on the trigger when a Ju-88 came into sight than if he had studied the finer points of Einstein, or devoted his youth to the Calculus. Nevertheless, to the Official Mind, the Arts in those days were, if not exactly undesirable, then at least a little suspect.

Nor has the position greatly improved today. Shortly after I was demobilised and was teaching English in a very liberal country Grammar School, one of His Majesty's Inspectors (and hence a *responsible* officer of the Minister of Education) made it pointedly clear to me that I should not teach Keats to one of my senior forms, as that poet was 'outside their experience'. The poem which precipitated this pronouncement was the magic *Eve of St. Agnes*, an imaginative child's poem if ever there was one. This official voice went further, and instructed me that it *was* possible to teach a School Certificate syllabus without including *any* poetry in it! Against the awful majesty of such an opinion, what would have been the use of my quoting Eric Gill, on the subject of the difficult in Art? 'Nothing is too difficult for the innocent. . . . Remember they've generally got plenty of visual imagination even if we have not. And all you've got to do is, in reason, to keep them at it—diligence, no slacking.'

THAT was in 1947, and the position is no better in 1949. Only recently I was told that a certain Examining Body responsible for the work done by School Certificate candidates was debating whether or not to exclude poetry from its future requirements. The outcome of such a debate is relatively unimportant in this argument; what is important is that such a step should ever have occurred at all.

Superficially, and against the background of atomic development or dollar crises, any concern with poetry might seem almost laughable. Actually, the case in point is one of considerable cultural moment. Let us imagine that the examining Bodies did decide to expunge poetry from their requirements; the immediate result would be that the teachers who had previously made some effort to adapt themselves to the needs of the examination-moment would then relapse, washing their hands entirely of poetry in the Lower School, since there would be no purpose for it in the Upper. The child who left school at sixteen would know absolutely no poetry; the young person who wished to enter a university would either be contemptuous of it, or, starting late to understand it, would arrive at his college unprepared for serious work. Later, as a teacher himself, he would pass on, unashamed, his lack of preparation.

Yet this is only the merest beginning; take away from children the necessity of making themselves familiar with the concept of poetry and you strike at the very roots of our peculiar civilisation. The 1611 Version is very often poetry; Shakespeare is almost always poetry. Now poetry is the language of the heart no less than of the eye and the tongue and the head. If it be not learned, then the Psalms will come to make even less sense than they do today, and the greatest Age of our Theatre will die, as all things outmoded must die, as inevitably as the Can-Can, leaving us only with the theatre of wit, of flat-skulled gangsterdom, of drawing-room triviality or leg-hoisting near-obscenity. Moreover, our living poets —though undoubtedly they would continue to write, more and more esoterically—would lose what small potential audience they already have. . . .

Almost astronomical figures may be spent by the Government in storing this year's groundnuts, or in making life less convenient for the pests that destroyed last year's crop; but what is spent on restoring poetry, or on destroying the pests that have dragged its status down to the level of the comic strip? There exist subsidies for almost every class of goods we make or produce; but what pitiful support could one hope for if one asked that our greatest invisible exports be subsidised—Shakespeare, or Marlowe, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson, or William Blake? We should be told that the

theatrical companies or the Third Programme already support such causes adequately; or that there is an Arts Council and a British Council already in existence. And there would be small consolation in replying that the theatres are commercial concerns; that, with the best will in the world, they cannot go on playing *The White Devil* to half-empty houses; that the Third Programme is not available to all parts of the country; that the Arts Council and the British Council, working under obvious difficulties, are only able to scratch the outer skin of the pseudo-intellectual world.

The simple truth is that the schools are the places where the seed should be sown, but is not. It is useless to try and graft later to a withered stem; the blight of apathy has eaten through the bark, and Football Pools, bluebell-tearing, and scribbling on lavatory walls are the only antidotes. There comes no relief from poetry, or from any of the Arts.

Poetry must be brought back to life in the schools. It must be shown to be not merely a thin column of words on a page, an excuse for teaching long vowels, an exercise in scansion or paraphrase, a conveniently-sized punishment for having forgotten one's pen, or, having remembered it, for having stuck it into another's behind. It must be shown to be, among so many other things, the precious speech of man heightened to the level of the angels; or brought down, in all its pathos and despair, to the depths of Hell's most pitiful sufferers. It must be shown as Ariel and Caliban at the same time, the richness no less than the poverty of humankind. It is only by such an approach that poetry may come to its own rightful place again and be seen as the record of man's struggle towards perfection, just as a Bach fugue or a Beethoven symphony might be seen. It is only by the dignity of such an approach that poetry may once more be recognised as a major art-form, and not merely a jingling time-filler to keep infants amused.

SUPPOSE, in some fantastically impossible dream, the Minister of Education were to become aware that poetry is dying in his schools and, more fantastic still, summoned me to his office and asked me to tell him how I would improve the situation—I should answer him by telling him three things, each one of them perhaps unacademic and slightly crazy, in the way that things have to be crazy when they are happening in a dream, and especially in that dream beyond all dreams, which is the most exciting kind of reality.

First, I should tell him that poetry could still be enjoyed in books, through the eye, but that the controlling brain behind such books must be that of the poet, who is always child enough himself to know what instructs and interests children, and not that of the professional text-book anthologist. In our schools today there are still schoolmaster-poets enough to form an editorial board and to compile a series of graduated anthologies for use in schools (to be published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, even if that made such a dream more immediately practicable, and at the same time did the minimum of damage to the private publisher); and there are enough poets, even major poets, who have left one branch or another of the teaching profession for the more understanding world of publishing or broadcasting, to act as advisers to such an editorial board.

Secondly, I should tell him that poetry falls more delectably excitingly, and even permanently (by some strange paradox) on the ear than on the eye; but that, apart from the gramophone records for school use made by Dame Edith Evans, John Gielgud, Clinton Baddeley and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, little has been done at all in this direction—despite the innumerable aids given during the last five years to education in the sciences.

Thirdly, I should point out to him that poetry is essentially of the voice, and so, in this country, ultimately of the theatre. I should hint to him that it would be one of the easiest things in the world to find a first-rate actor, who had himself been a schoolmaster and so knew some of the everyday

(*Continued on page 78*)

They started two wars in our time. They were defeated twice. Now we have asked an observer, after his eleventh trip to Germany since 1945, to try to answer one single question:

'HAVE THE GERMANS LEARNED ANYTHING?'

PAUL ANDERSON

SOME readers will recognise the 'editorial touch' in the title question. But the question is valid. It is, above all, not unimportant.

The Western half of Germany is no longer a mere object. A new German State has now been born: the infant Federal Republic of Bonn. Once again Germans govern Germans. German laws operate. Elections take place; governments are formed; Ministries are occupied. Trade and industry are recovering at an astonishing rate—partly healing the wounds of war and partly menacing the post-war balance of Europe. International connections are revived, and in the spheres of European politics and economic recovery, as well as in those of European culture, ideas and arts, yet another 'New Germany' now enters the familiar circle where everybody knows everybody and where nobody seems to know the newcomer.

No doubt then: the question is valid. But even an attempt to answer it must seem a little immodest. Not that there is lack of experience and practical observation—for my recent return from the Ruhr ended the eleventh trip to Western Germany since the city of Aachen fell to the First U.S. Army.

* * *

Today, I cannot conceive of any country (inside or outside Europe) more deceptive in appearance and more confusing to the observer than the re-born German State. Nor can I think of any nation less coherent in its moods and ideas.

To make matters worse: the recent 'return to normalcy' [which so quickly followed last year's currency stabilisation] and the first stages of economic recovery have made all *outward* appearances even more deceptive. A surface luxury—dazzling and near-miraculous in a destroyed country—now helps to hide mass poverty. The new edifice of the Bonn constitution (and all that goes with it) provides an impressive but nevertheless delusive façade for the political vacuum of Germany.

* * *

So great is the desire to do 'normal' things and to enjoy the material pleasures of an ordinary civilised existence—to buy clothes, call a taxi, eat in a restaurant, watch a football match, drink in a pub, travel by train, use light-switches, telephones, and water taps, that all else has been submerged by it. No doubt, the new fascination with the mechanics of civilised living will in time wear off. For the moment, however, it seems to dominate the life of the entire nation.

Thus, the new State, its government, parliament and constitution—in short, Germany's second experiment in political democracy—comes into being in a general atmosphere of political indifference and

apathy. Naturally, there are minorities which should be exempt. But, if mass indifference and ignorance can be said to endanger *any* democratic form of government, then, surely, *the open contempt of all politics*, of political parties and leaders is an even greater danger. Of this contempt there is plenty of evidence, and its roots are deeply seated.

Probably, almost certainly, all this can be explained by the national sense of bewilderment which is the result of seventeen most turbulent and unhappy years: years of regimentation, political corruption and the conical abuse of power; years of war, defeat, hunger and foreign occupation. The explanation is indeed an obvious one. The past seventeen years were hardly a school for democracy.

But if the question is asked: Have the Germans learned anything from their own experience?—have they, for example, learned that political indifference is the root-soil of 'bad' politics?—then the answer is almost wholly negative.

* * *

Almost wholly negative, I said; not entirely. For some lessons have been learned in the sense of having entered the political consciousness (in so far as it exists). First of all, the practices of dictatorship and absolute one-party rule are genuinely condemned. And so are the mortal dangers of sectarianism in politics, of splinter-parties and all the perversions of parliamentarianism which undermined the Weimar Republic. But that is, at best, a negative attitude (like so much in Germany today), a 'no-more-of-that' feeling rather than a positive understanding of political democracy or even of the principles of the rule of law.

It is important to make this distinction. For, more often than not, the condemnation of Nazi rule (as experienced under Hitler) may go hand in hand with an admitted nostalgia for 'so much that was good in National Socialism', or with an express desire for a 'strong government'.

For millions of Germans today the concept of democracy does not mean more than that; not more than the revival of the past minus its abuses, excesses and corruption. This attitude was best expressed, I think, by a twenty-six-year-old ex-Air Force Pilot who told me that 'certainly the best government for Germany would be a democratic dictatorship.'

This is not quite the nonsense it sounds, for it is merely a clumsy way of pleading for a government which acts and does not only talk, which is efficient and which, above all, absolves the citizen from all individual responsibility.

* * *

Here is the second general point to which the title-question might well be applied: the problem of individual responsibility. It is my experience that no Allied judgment on Germany has caused more bitter resentment among Germans than the phrase 'collective responsibility'. What is clearly resented is not only the notion that the individual German citizen should accept a share of responsibility for atrocities committed by the rulers but, just as much, the underlying notion that *any* citizen can *ever* be held responsible for any acts of those who rule. Here, again, a small, enlightened minority must obviously be excluded.

* * *

But there are lessons that have been learned. And a few of them are important. Of late there has been a good deal of talk about the revival of German Nationalism. Nationalism, unfortunately, is no very precise term. And relying entirely upon my own impressions, I would say that the general (if patchy and uncertain) recovery of Western Germany, and the continued division of the country into two halves, have been factors strengthening the nationalistic mood. But even so, it would seem to be a *general mood* rather than a nationalistic movement nourished and inspired by definite ends to be achieved. This mood, one feels, is a reaction (among other things) to the peculiar form of tutelage that goes with Military Government; a form of

emotional self-assertion rather than an articulate political trend.

Whatever the emotional sources may be from which this vague form of nationalism springs, it is essential to make one positive qualification. It is this. There is abundant evidence now that (individuals excepted) no German today believes that Germany could ever again, under any form of government, lead or even win another war of national aggrandisement. In other words: Germany's second defeat is accepted as a final and irrevocable fact. This, I would say, is universally true to-day for the living generation of Germans (and, incidentally, for the war-veterans above all). Whether this attitude will stand the test of time is, of course, a totally different question.

* * *

The realisation, chiefly among the educated classes, that Germany 'can never resume a policy of aggression' probably explains the great interest in all problems connected with European collaboration and in the ideas of a European Union. That this interest is genuine, I have no reason to doubt. But how intense it is at present surprised me during a recent journey which brought me into personal contact with a great many leading industrialists, bankers and businessmen. Without the slightest provocation on my part, all discussions on Germany's possible future development seemed to lead invariably to the thesis that Germany must lose its own national identity and, with the other nations of Europe, merge in a European Federation. And in nearly every case I heard it said that a practical beginning must be made by bringing France and Germany together in a real and more than merely diplomatic undestanding of their 'European fraternity'.

It is indeed something of a mild shock to hear these views (unsolicited) expressed by the magnates of the Ruhr. But let me add that the interest in European unification is as great among the politically-conscious minorities of *all* classes and *all* political shades. The fact remains that this appears to be the *one* political concept which—unlike the principles of parliamentary democracy or the rule of law—arouses genuine and sometimes even passionate interest. It might perhaps be argued that this is a lesson learned for all the wrong reasons—but, undeniably, it has been learned.

* * *

In other, less directly political, spheres, a great deal more has been forgotten than learned.

Most disquieting of all is the attitude of the under-thirties. The generation of the young war-veterans (or of mere war-survivors) appears to take refuge, as well as a curious pride, in what the young men themselves like to call 'total negation'. The reality is a little less fanciful than the chosen term. It would be better described as a rather primitive and pubescent form of nihilism. Psychiatrists would almost certainly diagnose this proclaimed refusal 'to believe in anything or anybody' as a perfectly ordinary reaction to the shocks of disappointment and of abused idealism.

It is, of course, a highly speculative matter whether, in due course, this emotional shock-reaction will ebb away. Much, I am sure, will depend on purely economic and material factors—though, of course, not all of it. That this attitude—the various shades of juvenile 'nihilism' among the educated and a fairly brutal cynicism among the working class youths—is wide-spread, not to say universal, no one can doubt it.

Disturbing though all this may be, the present inaccessibility of the under-thirties may yet prove to be of positive value. If the young generation is not (or certainly not easily) 'accessible' to current political ideas of democracy and of government-by-consent, it is just as inaccessible to mob-orators and ideological rat-catchers.

From any point of view—notably that of European security—the development of this generation of Germans merits the greatest attention. Its best elements may yet become good Europeans as well as good citizens of a German democracy.

But that, admittedly, is a question mark of some dimension.

2

LIVING IN FIVE DIMENSIONS

J. G. BENNETT

ON a warm spring morning in 1920, I was walking down the Grande Rue de Péra, past the Franchet d'Espérey Hospital. Only twenty-four hours before, within a few hundred yards, a political assassination had been committed, and suspicion rested on the Dashnak Zutium. It was my duty to ascertain the facts and make a report to the Allied Commander-in-Chief; but no thought of Armenian murders of revenge, nor of half a dozen secret service agents, whom I had to see before midnight, was in my head. I was filled with a far greater excitement, aroused by reading a paper by Albert Einstein which had reached me from England the day before, in which he claimed to prove that there could be no luminiferous æther for, if it existed, it would have to travel with the velocity of light in every direction at once. I felt sure that this strange idea must in some way throw light upon the great problem which had harassed me since my school days—as it has harassed thousands of others—of reconciling the deterministic conclusions of physical science with our inner conviction that in some way we are free.

Suddenly the whole world seemed to stand still, and I can recollect with unfaded vividness all my experience of that moment—the crowd of every nationality, the smell of Péra, the weight of my revolver hanging loosely from an ill-fitting Sam Browne belt, the sunshine on the white walls of the hospital, and the dazzling flash of conviction in my own mind that I had seen the solution, and the only possible solution, of the problem. The physical universe must be five dimensional, and the causal mechanism of successiveness in time was no more than the presentation to our senses of a reality vast enough to permit every imaginable freedom, if only we could break down the limitations of our ordinary perceptions. Time itself could not escape from necessity, but we could escape from time.

Looking back over nearly thirty years, I

J. G. Bennett, the author of the recently-published The Crisis in Human Affairs, *is a mathematical physicist, and well known in the scientific world for his studies in the production and utilisation of energies. In our article he tries to show how a bridge can be built between the physical world of force and the world of conscious experience. His theory is based on the system of the Russian thinker, G. Gurdjieff, according to whose ideas man is a self-creating being whose true destiny is to become free from the mechanicalness of ordinary existence and to prepare himself to serve a higher cosmic purpose. J. G. Bennett interprets this doctrine of the unification of all reality in terms of a five-dimensional world of space, time and eternity. The first book by Gurdjieff, who is now living in Paris, is to be published in England shortly.*

can see how naïve were my first attempts to put this conception to an experimental test. Among the many unusual people with whom I came in contact in Constantinople was a Polish hypnotist, calling himself Dr. Radwana Praglowski, who was giving demonstrations of hypnotic catalepsy and so-called thought-transference. I persuaded him to show me his method of inducing a deep hypnotic trance, with the hope of confirming the experiments of Colonel de Rochas described in his books, *L'Extériorisation de la Sensibilité* and *Les Vies Successives.* I thought that, if the hypnotic subject were somehow liberated from the limitations of time and space, he might also be able to move in the fifth dimension, and that perhaps even all these processes of telepathy, precognition and extra-sensory perception could be explained as a displacement of consciousness in this ampler world, the existence of which had become for me a certainty. My experiments in hypnotism convinced me that a very limited form of extra-sensory perception could be induced in a hypnotised subject, but of evidence that by this means one could penetrate the fifth dimension, nothing coherent or satisfying emerged.

VERY soon afterwards, everything again was completely changed for me by my meetings with Ouspensky and Gurdjieff, and I soon realised that to get beyond the limits of sense-perception required an inward change in oneself which could only be achieved as a result of long and very difficult work. For more than ten years, I put the thought of the five-dimensional universe out of my mind, and occupied myself—subject to the accidents of a somewhat adventurous life—in trying to understand and work by the ideas of Mr. Gurdjieff's system. It was not until 1931 that there again awoke in me a strong urge to seek a better understanding of the nature of time. I felt that the concept of entropy, even as enriched by Boltzmann, was too narrowly understood by physical scientists; that it should not be applied only to statistical systems, but to everything that exists in time, and therefore even to the ultimate particles for which, on the ordinary interpretation, it had no meaning. For the second time, I reached a conviction that I had seen the answer—once again walking in the sunshine, but now in the less romantic environment of Finsbury Square. In my diary for 30 March 1931, I find written: 'The fundamental principle of the 5th dimension is the Relativity of Simultaneity. 5th Dimension = line of constant entropy.' I was sure that the phenomena of life were in some way to be explained by conceiving the living organism as having a structure in five dimensions, which is lacking in inanimate matter. It also occurred to me that, since in the fifth dimension two incompatible states could exist at the same time and in the same place, it might be possible to give a physical interpretation of Gurdjieff's teaching of the possibility of an expansion of consciousness which would make objective knowledge possible.

Once again, the intense excitement which these reflections had aroused was thrust aside by opportunities for psychological work which I saw to be more urgent and more necessary. Moreover, it was clear to me that these ideas could be of no value except to myself unless it were possible to express them in mathematical form, and to show that they could give a consistent account of the well-established data of physical science. Another ten years passed. It was not until the war years that I had the opportunity to collaborate with colleagues better equipped than I in the techniques of modern mathematical physics. They were Mr. M. W. Thring and Mr. R. L. Brown who, in 1938, had joined me on the staff of The British Coal Utilisation Research Association on leaving Trinity College, Cambridge. After I had succeeded in changing their somewhat sceptical attitude towards the possibility of working out a new physical theory of five dimensions, we all set to work on the arduous task of studying the literature of physical theory over the past fifty years, and of developing a suitable mathematical treatment for giving an exact formulation to our own conceptions. In the course of this work

we learned for the first time that the idea of a five-dimensional universe was by no means new in mathematical physics, but had not won general acceptance for reasons I shall explain.

As far back as 1921, Kaluza, a pupil of Prof. Einstein working in Germany, had shown that electromagnetism could be brought into harmony with gravitational theory by assuming that the ten gravitational potentials of Einstein's theory and the four potentials of electromagnetism are all co-efficients of the time element in a five-dimensional space. Wilson in 1928 produced a theory in which the electric charge of a particle appeared as the component of momentum in the fifth dimension. In 1926, Klein in Holland published a paper showing how the same idea could be extended to give an account of the material wave equation with which Prince Louis de Broglie had laid the foundations of modern wave mechanics. De Broglie himself in 1927 took up these ideas and, in a very remarkable paper, drew attention to the fact that, if a fifth dimension was to be postulated, it must be of such a character as to escape from our sense perception. He said 'Let us conceive with Messrs. Kaluza and Kramers that, in order to represent the totality of occasions in the universe, it is necessary to employ a five-dimensional manifold, that is to say, to add to space-time a fifth dimension corresponding to a fifth variable x°. The variations of this fifth variable escape entirely from our sense perception, so that two points of the universe which have the same values of the four variables, space and time, but different values of the variable x°, are for us indistinguishable the one from the other. We are, as it were, enclosed in our four dimensional space-time manifold, and all that we perceive are the projections on to this space-time of the points of the five-dimensional universe.'

Apart from these workers, many others, including the late Sir Arthur Eddington, had made use in one form or another of the idea that the physical world should be described in terms of five independent magnitudes. I think there are two reasons why all these investigations failed to lead physical scientists to accept the fifth dimension as having the same status in relation to the real world as the dimensions of space and time. The first is that they took for granted that the fifth dimension must be fictitious, and merely a convenient method of description. This applies particularly to the late Sir Arthur Eddington who used a scheme of five independent dimensions to establish his general theory, but regarded the fifth dimension (Q_5) as merely the measure at any point of the non-spatial magnitude which determines the value of the electric vector potential.

The second, and, from our point of view' the most significant, mistake was that all these workers tried to graft the fifth dimension on to the Riemannian space-time of Einstein's General Relativity. So great has been the prestige gained for the world geometry of Einstein by its success in accounting for certain minute but undoubtedly real deviations from Newton's gravitational theory, that very few people have ventured during the last thirty years to question its validity. I personally was encouraged to do so by the criticisms of that truly great man, the late Professor Sir Alfred Whitehead. Whitehead's philosophy always seemed to me to lack only one element to complete its liberation from old-fashioned metaphysics—namely, the conception of a fifth dimension of the real world which would relieve the purely temporal character of his doctrine of 'process'.

I shall not attempt in this article to set out the conclusions which my collaborators and I reached as to the way in which a mathematical form should be given to the conception of a fifth-dimensional universe. This is being published elsewhere. I propose rather to give some account of the connection—which appears to me to be of the utmost importance for the understanding of man and his destiny—between the fifth dimension and human consciousness.

One vital psychological question is whether it is possible to be conscious of two

completely independent presentations at the same time. I suppose that most psychologists would answer in the negative, except for certain pathological conditions which must be taken rather as a limitation than as an expansion of consciousness. So far as I am aware, the only important writer who has taken the opposite view is the late Professor Mactaggart, in the *Nature of Existence*. Mactaggart's 'D-Series' appears to be—if I understand his explanations rightly—the simultaneous experience of the ordinary process of sense perception, and also of one or more wider and richer aspects of reality.

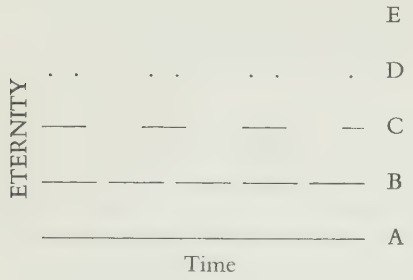
THE point of view which I shall try to describe is not at all my own, but one which derives from the ideas and practical teaching which I owe to Mr. Gurdjieff. According to Gurdjieff's doctrine, the ordinary waking state of consciousness which we regard as normal is, in fact, sub-normal and essentially incomplete. Its incompleteness consists in the fact that we are unable to see more than a narrow stratum of reality and wrongly ascribe to that narrow stratum properties of universality which it cannot possess. It is this latter feature that makes our ordinary conscious experience dangerous and misleading. If we recognise that it is incomplete, and understood that of necessity there is an undisclosed wealth of significant elements in every situation which we are unable to take into account, we should at least be on our guard against drawing conclusions from what we do perceive. Unfortunately, we do just the opposite, and regard ourselves as entitled to deny the possibility that anything can exist which does not enter into our sense experience and mental processes.

The first thing to understand about consciousness is that it is relative. We can be more conscious and we can be less conscious: to be more conscious also means to be conscious of more. We pass a great part of our lives conscious of very little. Our functions work mechanically under the combined influence of our established automatisms and the stimulus of the external world. We are, in fact, very much less conscious than we think we are, for the reason that we ascribe to ourselves as a condition continually present, the relatively rare states of awareness when we test ourselves and take note whether or not we are conscious of what is going on within us and about us. There are very simple and very conclusive experiments which can be made to demonstrate that, for the greater part of his waking existence, a man behaves as a machine, that is, as a mechanism of the kind described, for example, by Sherrington in the *Integrative Action of the Nervous System*, where he says that the human nervous system is like a key fitted to a lock, and answers the question, 'Who turns the key?' in simple mechanistic terms, 'The external world'. Under such conditions, man is, to all intents and purposes, a part of the general physico-chemical mechanism which operates in living organisms and inanimate objects alike.

But man's consciousness is relative. There are moments when he is not a machine, moments when his power of choice is real, and when the course of events depends upon his own decision. At such moments, he has a real power to say 'yes' or 'no' to alternative possibilities which confront him. For those who cannot accept the idea that man is a machine, this seems quite natural and easy, and they explain it by saying that in some way the future is not determined by the past, but that there is only a kind of general predisposition towards a particular sequence of events. The general pattern of the future exists already in the present, but it is not a fixed, unalterable pattern, which cannot be changed by a free decision. This is muddled and confused, if not actually dishonest, thinking. Mechanical causality could not have loopholes. The situation is in no way altered by substituting statistical or probability laws for exact calculations. It has always been clear to me that free-will is impossible in a four-dimensional world, unless the best-established data of physical science are fundamentally inaccurate.

These difficulties entirely disappear in a five-dimensional universe, providing the

character of that universe is seen as an interplay of necessity and freedom. A simple diagram will help in visualising the situation.



In this diagram, the whole of space at any given moment is represented by a single point. This is because we have on the paper only two dimensions, and these are already used up in representing time and the fifth dimension, to which it is convenient to give the name of eternity. Any point along any of the lines of time represents the whole universe at a given moment. The bottom line A is the mechanistic universe in which there is no freedom. Everything that happens is determined by the past, and everything that will happen is determined by the present. Whatever exists on this line is a machine, the whole of whose activity is determined by its own construction and its relations to its environment. It is embedded in a causal nexus from which there is no escape.

In the second line B, gaps are shown. They are only points, but they are decisive by the fact that they import the possibility of choice. At any point where such a gap occurs, there are two possibilities: either to continue on the same level, or drop to the mechanical level. The course of events is different in the two cases. The difference does not lie so much in the general character of the progress, since the degree of freedom present is very small. So long, however, as existence is maintained on the second line, the possibility remains open of transfer to the third line C, where the gaps are larger and there is the possibility of freedom not merely to say yes or no, but to bring into existence a series of events which would otherwise not occur at all. In this lies the distinction between the simple power of choice and freedom in the usually understood sense of the word. At each transition to a higher level, the degree of freedom possible increases, until finally it reaches a level E which cannot be shown on the diagram because there are not even single points to limit its operation. This means that, on this level, nothing exists except as it is consciously brought into existence, that is, consciously created.

The words 'consciously created' bring us back to the relation between consciousness and eternity. This is crucial for the connection between the concept of eternity and the doctrine of the relativity of consciousness. In eternity, it is possible for different states of the Universe to exist simultaneously at the same place. The transition from one state to another requires a change of consciousness. Such a change may be momentary and even accidental. It then gives a glimpse of a reality which cannot be possessed. Such a glimpse may lead to an entirely different understanding, but it does not lead to a permanent change either of inner experience or of external events. A permanent change of such a character is only possible if consciousness is transferred from one level of being to another. I have referred to the limited, incomplete character of consciousness associated with sense perception and mental processes as we ordinarily know them. According to Gurdjieff's doctrine, the permanent change of consciousness which can give a man entry into a different world requires a change of inner being and the formation in himself of a vehicle with which such consciousness can be associated.

Consciousness and freedom imply one another, but neither freedom nor consciousness is possible, so long as we suffer ourselves to continue in that mode of being which is bound in the chains of causal mechanism. It is the realisation that inner freedom must be bought and paid for that is far more important than any theoretical explanation. Many people would agree with this, but very few reach a concrete, that is, practical, understanding of all that is involved.

Culture in Ireland

ROBERT GREACEN

IRELAND has always made her most characteristic contribution to the arts in the field of literature, and especially in drama and poetry. This general tendency is substantially true even today. Many reasons, historical and temperamental, combine in explaining a relative neglect of the non-literary arts—social instability, lack of wealth, the little-challenged supremacy of the spoken word. Yet in ancient times the plastic arts—lettering and design, gold ornament making—fulfilled a very necessary social function. Nor were music and poetry sharply separated as in our present phase of cultural specialisation. Within approximately the last couple of decades there has been a measurable upsurge in painting and in music.

In drama, too, one finds fresh subject-matter, more adventurous techniques. The Irish—at least according to rumour—are a nation of talkers, so it is natural that the play should be an integral part of everyday life, as indeed it has tended to become. Playwrights have arisen within recent years, such as Teresa Deevy, Andrew Ganly, Gerard Healy and Joseph Tomelty, who have ceased to be awed by the overriding Abbey Theatre tradition of peasant drama, while recognising the value of that tradition on his highest level, as in the work of Synge.

Indeed, that old, vital Abbey Theatre through which the Dublin public first became aware of Yeats, has now gone to seed, for an inspired directorate of writers no longer controls its affairs. Nor is it an 'actors' theatre' of first quality. Standards have fallen all round—in plays accepted, in acting and production—so much so that a short time ago the mismanagement of this State-aided theatre was publicly attacked by a group of playwrights, actors, producers and critics. The Gate Theatre, on the other hand, with its two companies—Lord Longford's and Edwards-MacLiammoir's—has been steadily adding to its reputation. The Earl of Longford, Lady Longford and Micheal MacLiammoir are themselves dramatists, as well as being energetic personalities in touch with developments in theatre elsewhere. Amateur groups, too, flourish all over the country, and in them one finds the real hope for the future of Irish drama.

There are welcome signs that satire has not completely been elbowed out of the theatre; for it is very necessary that the new corruptions and *sottises* should be mercilessly exposed. One thinks of Christine Longford's (Lady Longford) last play, *Tankardstown* (*or A Lot to be Thankful For*), in which native Irish and visiting English are frequently portrayed in their least prepossessing attitudes. The contemporary playwright—Paul Vincent Carroll, for instance—has to fight a certain naïve Gaelic assumption that all is well with God's chosen and most virtuous race; precisely the same battle as Synge, now lauded on all sides as a stainless patriotic artist, had to fight in terms of his own time. That there are voices in the Irish theatre willing to uphold both artistic and ethical standards is perhaps the best guarantee of continuing vitality.

Painting and the plastic arts had a high place in ancient Ireland, as already pointed out; one thinks of the beautiful, illuminated manuscript work of the monks, such as the *Book of Kells*, now housed in the Library of Dublin University; in the eighteenth century, when the native voice was temporarily stilled and the Anglo-Irish enjoyed their most brilliant phase, more interest was lavished on the social delights of the theatre than on the more private enjoyments of painting and sculpture. In this century the art of stained glass has been developed by Harry Clarke; today, Evie Hone, whose ancestor's work may be found in some of the Oxford Colleges, combines modern and mediaeval influences in fine windows, to be seen here and there all over the country. Art O'Murnaghan has developed a fusion of illuminated manuscript technique with an individual and highly-organised symbolism.

The painter now widely considered the greatest in modern Ireland is, of course, Jack B. Yeats. His fame has grown slowly, unlike that of his brother W. B. Yeats, who became a myth in his own lifetime and the inspiration of different generations of younger poets. All the same, Jack B. Yeats developed surely, phase succeeding phase; like his brother, he became more 'modern', more daring as he grew older, and came to feel more assured. He revels in colour-splashing his canvas so that the original motive is very nearly—but not quite—submerged; and yet, despite his experimentalist, impression-making technique, the background of every picture is undeniably Irish—people, fairs, cattle-men, gipsies and tinkers, the hard outlines of the Western stone-ditched countryside.

But if Jack B. Yeats is the dominant (and unrepresentative) figure of the older generation of artists—one which includes Sean Keating, Paul Henry and others—there is a more adventurous element in the work of the mid-generation, especially in that of Cecil ffrench Salkeld. A new and more challenging group has arisen, which repudiates the values of the rather moribund Royal Hibernian Academy, and whose members, in the main, have been vitally influenced by the younger French painters. Some of these younger artists—notably Norah McGuinness, Nano Reid, Jack Hanlon, Louis Le Brocquy—have united to form the annual *Living Art* exhibition, which has gone a long way to educate the Dublin public. Few of these younger workers, apart from Le Brocquy, have won acclaim in the big centres; that will come with time, possibly after they have consolidated themselves in their own country. The North of Ireland (Ulster) also shows signs of great activity—Colin Middleton, John Luke, and a trio who have exhibited together in London—Dillon, O'Neill and Campbell—are painters with an exciting future. In Ulster the public is even more backward than in Dublin, more stingy in supporting the painters who experiment and refuse to dish up the usual sets of stale clichés. But this tendency is to some extent countered by the active policy of encouragement pursued by C.E.M.A. (as it has remained) in Northern Ireland.

FROM the time of John Dowland, the Elizabethan lutenist and song-writer, and John Field who influenced Chopin, Irishmen—mostly outside their own country—have been making reputations in music. Bernard Shaw himself, for example, first made his name in London as a music critic. Among contemporary composers still experimenting are Brian Boydell, John Beckett, Fred May and Arthur Duff: how they will eventually compare with their English opposite numbers like Britten and Michael Tippett, the years will reveal. It seems, however, that the Irish composer can rely too much for inspiration on the undoubtedly rich body of traditional folk-song; valuable as the traditional melodies are, they can have an inhibiting effect unless the composer is original indeed. Like London, the Irish capital badly needs an adequate, well-designed concert hall where musical activities—concerts and festivals—can be co-ordinated under good listener conditions. A new, small concert hall for broadcast purposes has been opened by the Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra, one of the

leading orchestras and one recently augmented by European instrumentalists; Radio Eireann is also to be commended for having introduced successive foreign conductors since the end of the war.

If the Irish have contributed generously—too generously perhaps—to the leading players of the American and British film studios, they have yet to establish a native film industry of even the most modest dimensions. There have been early experiments like *The Dawn*, often discussed by the 'montage' enthusiasts but rarely to be seen; Frank O'Connor's story, *Guests of the Nation*, was the basis for another early film. More recently, one or two documentary films were made—one based on the life of Thomas Davis, the Irish patriot leader—with the help of British studios. Two different organisations exist for furthering the cinema as a serious medium: the National Film Institute, the more official body which is given a small State grant, and the Irish Film Society, an independent group of enthusiasts. As in too many other spheres of Irish culture, a great deal of talking takes place, often heated and idealistic, with very little achieved as a result.

JOHN Grierson, speaking in Dublin last year, outlined a plan for starting a properly-equipped film industry in the country at a cost ranging between £100,000 and £150,000; and he assumed that the Government would be willing to find most of the money. However, since the policy of the present Government is to cut public expenditure to a minimum, the chances for adequate film endowment do not look too good. In the event of serious film production, it would be essential to bring in outside technicians, if only to train Irishmen to do the various skilled jobs; for, since Eire is an agricultural country, with only a sprinkling of newly-founded industries, it would not be easy to get first-class native technicians.

In the field of radio, two Irish stations exist: the B.B.C. Regional wavelength for Northern Ireland, operating from Belfast, and Radio Eireann, with headquarters in Dublin, under the direct control of the Eire Department of Posts and Telegraphs. The Belfast station, run on up-to-date B.B.C. lines, has been engaged for the past three years in re-building its programmes after the virtual wartime shut-down; but fear of controversy, due to the somewhat tense and complicated political situation in Ulster, prevents boldness of outlook. Within certain rigidly imposed limits, the North Ireland B.B.C. does good work in mirroring the life of the province. Radio Eireann, unfortunately, is managed 'on the cheap' and, apart from occasional good talks, features and concerts, gives rather poor value to the listener, a proportion of whose licence money, somewhat unfairly, goes to other State funds. One detects a certain amateurishness in the programmes, hardly surprising in view of the low fees paid. Nobody expects broadcasts of the highest B.B.C. standard, for the radio authorities work on a small budget and with poor technical equipment, but it does seem absurd that the best writers in the country, such as O'Faolain and O'Connor, should be virtually boycotted. In one respect Irish radio has improved enormously in the past year—in drama—for some of the new producers have plenty of ideas and the courage to carry them through. Perhaps their colleagues in other departments will take the hint.

Life for the artist in present-day Ireland has its own peculiar frustrations and compensations; if the State is not interested in helping him, it does not bother to restrict, except indirectly as in the censorship of publications. (In practice, books are never banned until they have been in circulation for some time, so the serious reader is not too hard hit.) The various political changes since the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1922 have left him almost untouched. But the fact remains that a small country, with limited resources and an essentially peasant population, cannot adequately provide for more than a few conformist practitioners in the arts. Should the cry then be for State subsidy? It is not as easy as that, for State subsidy, unlikely as it is, would be useless if it became a mere 'Academy' reward for

competent mediocrity. And most intellectual people fear this would happen in Ireland, if the State started to interfere. The critically-minded and the heretical would be as badly off as ever. At the same time, an organisation on the lines of the Arts Council should be started forthwith. A grant of £10,000 exists (as a legacy from the de Valera administration) for the publicising of Irish culture abroad, but no decision has yet been reached as to how the money could best be used.

Censorship—whether by Civil Service decree or by a board of moral censors as in Eire—may be necessary in certain peculiar and exceptional circumstances, but it is always deplorable. To the credit of the majority of artists in Ireland, they constantly fight against book censorship and the other (often clerical) encroachments on liberty of expression. More united they could achieve more, certainly; and to such unity of action on specific issues one may look forward, if Ireland, now a free Republic, is not to become a last refuge for the obscurantists.

As I have said, there are appropriate compensations; Eire has no sense of war-weariness, and the artist is not hedged in by those irksome regulations which elsewhere characterise the aftermath of war. And it is perhaps not altogether bad for his *morale* that he should have to fight constant rear-guard actions against apathy and those who would set a limit to free expression. So long as actor or writer, painter or musician refuses to be soured by the antics of the small-minded, or beaten by isolation, one need not despair of significant Irish activity in the arts.

Profiles in

A tragedy of incomprehension

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

American Playwright

THERE is nothing sensitive in his appearance. He is short, plump, blue-eyed and vaguely boyish. Yet the commonplace exterior conceals a talent as gentle, luminous, revealing as Broadway has ever seen. Though *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire* achieved long runs, there are at least ten full-length and over twenty one-act plays still lurking in obscure anthologies or even in MSS.

For the success of Thomas Lanier Williams (he wished 'Tennessee' upon himself because he liked the sound of it) is recent and still remarkable to him after years of intense struggle. Life began kindly enough in Colombus, Mississipi, in 1914: 'it was pleasant, gracious and full of imaginings.' But when his shoe-salesman father took his two sons and one daughter to the sordid metropolitanism of St. Louis, Tennessee found himself collecting a glass menagerie in his sister's bedroom 'making a place of white and crystal in the midst of squalor.'

He was a failure at the University of Missouri, a worse failure in the sampling-room of a shoe factory. Only at the Universities of Iowa and Washington did he begin to make progress, dogged by a hyponchondria he has never shaken off. Then came the dog days of odd jobs, operating elevators, teletyping, reciting crude verse in a Greenwich Village night club. Through an astute agent came a brief season in Hollywood: left to his own devices after refusing to write a script for Margaret O'Brien ('child actors make me sick'), he wrote his tragedy of incomprehension—*The Glass Menagerie.*

Despite its success, he has written constantly of 'the dispossessed' to whom he still feels he belongs. London did not like the 'Menagerie'. This month, it can try his 'Streetcar'.

The prize was suspension

JACK SOLOMONS

Boxing Promoter

THERE were nine Solomons and they were all in the fish trade in the East End until young Jack got tired of pushing the barrow from Billingsgate to the shop. 'I had my first professional fight with a boy named Ted Green,' he says. 'I stopped him in two rounds and my father stopped me in half a second for getting into a fight.' But young Jack was born in Petticoat Lane and there was no stopping him. He went back for more. He got it: a black eye, a cut upper lip and a purse of £7 10s. 0d. But the good talking-to he had from his future wife put Jack Solomons on the road to becoming Britain's toughest and most successful boxing promoter.

This month he had planned the biggest show of his life: the Woodcock-Lee Savold fight. The gate was likely to be even bigger than the £75,000 taken at the White City for the Woodcock-Mills bout. But Woodcock's accident caused uncertainty and suspension, and showed the risk involved in Solomons' hazardous game. His first promotion, nineteen years ago, lost him £250. Today, his friends believe that he makes £25,000 a year. But Solomons keeps silent.

His secret lies in knowing the crowds as well as boxers. At eight in the morning, he often listens to customers in his own fish shop in Ridley Road; twelve hours later, he may drive up to a jellied eel stall in Aldgate, buy two shillingsworth and again listen. He may go round coffee-stalls half the night. It is then that he learns what the fans want. And he puts it on the bills. 'First,' he says, 'I get the backsides to fill up the seats. There is time enough to print tickets and hire the hall.'

The future of British boxing lies in his hands. He never loses sight of that and he never forgets his goal: to stage a world heavyweight championship in London and make more money.

Miniature

GARRY DAVIS

World Citizen

A success of unfulfilment

A YEAR ago, nobody believed in him. He tore up his U.S. passport and on the step of the Palais de Chaillot, he picketed UNO as 'unfair to mankind'. Parisians called him *le petit homme* and made gentle fun of him. Today Garry Davis, first citizen of the world, has two suites of offices, five press agents and fifty people working under him for nothing. He packs the biggest hall in Paris, chats with the President of the Republic and gets 500 letters a day. A good many people are beginning to believe in him.

Garry Davis, a Broadway gadabout turned crusader, is the perfect symbol for a bewildered, war-weary world: he is small, mild, hesitant and naïve; he dresses in an old, faded flying jacket and patched-up trousers; he has no money; he demands nothing and never loses his temper. He belongs to no political party and does not want to form one. His greatest preoccupation today is to fill a large register with names—British names, French names, American names, Czech names, names Indian and Eskimo.

He is twenty-seven. The son of New York bandleader Meyer Davis, he worked as a dancer, a part-time actor and an understudy to Danny Kaye. During the war, he bombed Germany and after the war he could not forget it. Since then he has been talking and writing to people and governments. A personal message from him appeared in *World Review* in January of this year.

His followers today are legion. The well-known ones include Einstein, Albert Camus, Lord Boyd-Orr, André Gide, Sartre and Sir Adrian Boult. He converts politicians and policemen, doorkeepers and waiters. After a year of campaigning, Garry Davis is no longer a crank. He is not yet a prophet. But he still squats on the world's doorstep and waits.

IVOR NOVELLO

Matinée Idol

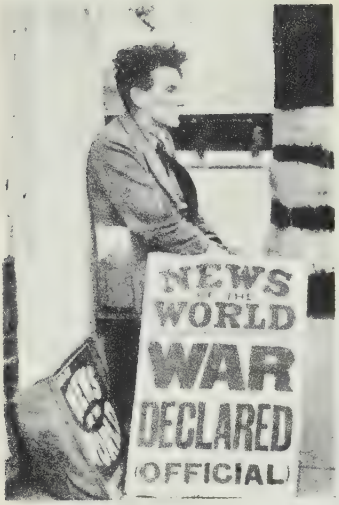
The rhapsodised remained unscathed

HE is the most durable star of the stage. In one World War, he kept the home fires burning—to the eventual tune of £16,000. In the second, he gathered as many laurels and lilacs though not, perhaps, when he was in gaol for a petrol offence.

Ivor Novello Davies was destined by his mother to be 'the Welsh Puccini'. His formula for the success of a show ('avoid gloom; get a good cast') was enough to prevent this: genuine creative talent refuses to be bound by such restrictions. Yet the impulse was there, and the conditions in which it might flourish; his father was prosaically head of the Glamorgan County Council Rates Department, but his mother was a world-famous teacher of singing. Young Ivor, 'he was never a bad boy', was even wheeled around in a perambulator shaped like a swan.

From the start, he confessed 'my life has been so thrilling.' There was the thrill of launching the *Home Fires*, of appearing for the first time on the stage in 1921, of writing and playing in *The Rat*, of making his first films—though it entailed doing something 'entirely against my nature' by rising at seven o'clock, of discovering himself as a manager when a two-week tour of a bad play called *Spanish Lovers* brought £300 profit. From then on, it was almost always 'devised, written, composed and presented by Ivor Novello.'

A conscientious, painstaking producer, he is also an omnivorous reader and has probably the largest private collection of gramophone records in Britain. As fluent in music as he is in speech, he is currently engaged in preparing a new, lavish, vaguely historical piece called *King's Rhapsody*. As usual, it will surround him with rhapsodising women. Oddly enough, he remains unscathed. He is as durable a real-life bachelor as he is a stage Don Juan.



SEPTEMBER 3, 1939

GERALD BARRY

TEN years ago: but for me the mind inevitably goes back first (as it did so strongly at the time) not to 3 September, 1939, but to 4 August, 1914; not ten years, but thirty-five. It was on that hot August Sunday in 1914 that the safe, comfortable world of Victoria and Edward VII, the world of certainties, of secure standards and categories, began to crack and crumble. We had learned to sing about it at the children's service on Sunday afternoons:

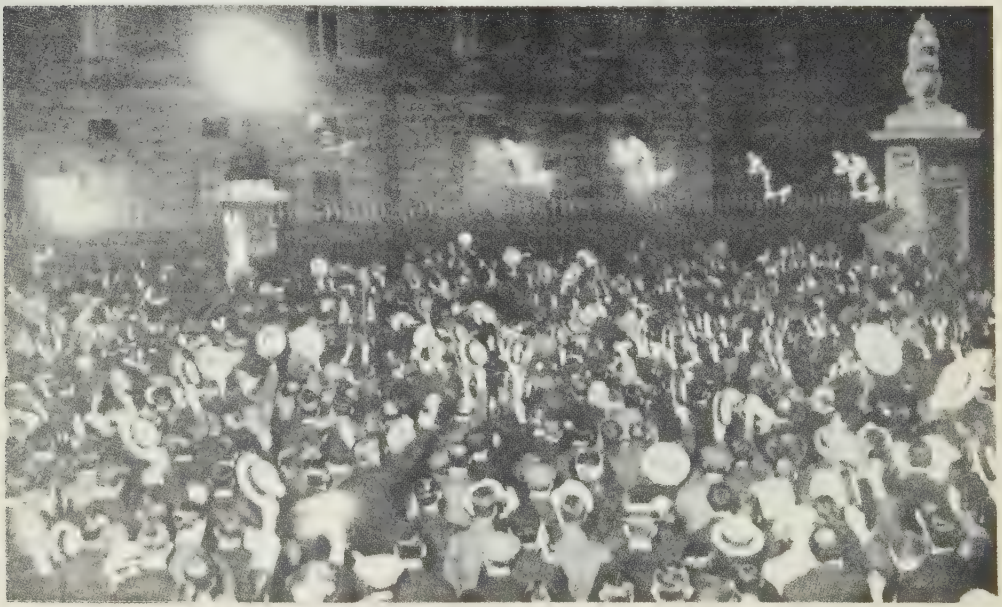
> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate;
> God made them high or lowly
> And ordered their estate.

It was then that the long world-revolution of the twentieth century began. When and how will it be completed?

The Times, then owned by Northcliffe, had decided to issue a special Sunday edition and I eagerly volunteered to go on my bicycle the mile journey from the Rectory to Smith's bookstall at the railway station to fetch a copy back. (I suspect my father must have had a struggle with his conscience about allowing a Sunday newspaper into the house: but war can play Old Harry with principles.)

A schoolboy of fifteen, filled with story-book ideas of the excitement and glory of

August 4, 1914. Jubilant crowds, ignorant of the meaning of modern war, outside Buckingham Palace



war, I had lived for twenty-four hours in a fever of suspense. As I tore on my bicycle down the dusty road and came into the market town, my mind was haunted by a sharp threat of possible disappointment. Supposing, after all, it *hadn't* happened? Supposing the Kaiser had climbed down? But it was all right, it was war; and I flew back on wings to bring the great news to my mother. She put her hands to her face and cried. I had never seen her cry before.

I remember the excitement in the little town next day: reservists marching in mufti to the train, and a band and flags and cheering. Three years later, I was in uniform myself. Five years later, having tasted the filth and agonies of Passchendaele, lost half my school-day friends, lived through the slow, cold torture of Armistice Day, and become a devoted follower of Massingham in the *Nation*, I had turned into something like a pacifist.

II

But I hadn't been the only one in those never-to-return August days. A sense of the heroic possessed upper-class youth in the early days of the First World War, which differed in essence from the fatalistic, matter-of-fact determination of the Second. To die in battle was almost an aristocratic privilege.

> Blow out, ye bugles, over the rich dead!

sang Brooke; and Julian Grenfell:

> And he is dead who will not fight,
> And who dies fighting has increase.

There was much to be learned. It was learned on the bitter fields of Flanders, and was not forgotten. A quarter of a century later the mood was quite other:

> Tell them in England, if they ask
> What brought us to these wars—
> To this plateau beneath the night's
> Grave manifold of stars,
>
> It was not fraud or foolishness,
> Glory, revenge or pay:
> We came because our open eyes
> Could see no other way.

Day-Lewis wrote that before 1939, but already the fight against Fascism had begun among the parched hills of Spain. So much had happened in the uneasy interval, so much of disillusion, frustration and disgrace —so much, perhaps, also of silent comprehension—that although there were many in the late summer of '39 who still hoped the inevitable reckoning could somehow be evaded, the nation as a whole lived through

September 3, 1939. Silent and Sullen, they listen in Downing Street to Mr. Chamberlain's announcement

The dream of Peace in our Time is shattered

it in a spirit of unspoken recognition. There was 'no other way'.

III

Again, it was a Sunday morning. Again, the sun shone deceitfully over harvest fields and swollen orchards drenched in peace. No need for special editions of newspapers this time. The news was to hand in every household: in the intervening years science had invented radio, which was now to revolutionise war.

It was eleven a.m., the hour of the first Armistice. We stood leaning over the railings of an indoor balcony looking down into the sunroom, with the radio turned on below. The children were in the sunroom, too. Christopher, about a year younger than I had been in 1914, betrayed no manifestations of delight. 'Consequently,' we heard the slightly reedy voice of Mr. Chamberlain saying, 'this country is at war with Germany.' It was the same voice that we had heard, with a lurch of the heart, speaking six months before about 'a quarrel in a far-away country between people of whom we know nothing.'

We went out into the garden and stared at a familiar world of sudden, overwhelming unreality. There was a stillness that could be felt, like the stillness on Carmel before the abundance of rain. So it was all going to happen again. If we could have guessed, then, even a half of it! We had had mass-slaughter before, but at least it had been honourably done, in battle. Now we were to have the torture-cells, coke-ovens and gas chambers of mathematical cruelty. None of this we could know, yet even so our mood that morning was doomful, unillusioned. Yet somewhere underneath it there was a quiet lift of the heart, a release from the humiliations of past years. At last, come what might, our democracy could rediscover its soul.

The next thing was to telephone the *News Chronicle* office, load up the car (not forgetting our gas-masks) and drive to London. We decided to seize what might be the last opportunity for a picnic, and ate it hastily under the pines at Ripley, while a tank rattled by. Not until I visited the so-called front in France in the coming winter did I realise that this impressive monster must have been at the time almost literally Britain's single effective unit of mechanical warfare.

IV

Inside the *News Chronicle* office there was, of course, prodigious activity and excitement. I made sure that the news-editor had everything possible in hand, then shut myself in my room to write the leading article. On the previous day, Saturday, I had written a long editorial in what seems today a tone of somewhat naïve sorrow for the common sufferings and aspirations of the human race. Remembering the betrayals of principle between the wars that had made such a mockery of 1914–18, it dwelt on the need to ensure that, this time, we should build out of the ruins something fine and durable. It pleaded for tolerance and absence of

hysteria. But it claimed that, so far from this war bringing an end to civilisation, not to fight it would be to let civilisation go by default. From the beginning, our paper had taken a firm line against aggression: first against Japan in Manchuria; then successively over Abyssinia, over Spain, over Munich. There could be no shadow of a question about Britain's duty now.

So on this Sunday afternoon, now that we ourselves were actually at war and the first air-raid warning had already sounded, I sat down at my desk, with the sun shining on a narrow glimpse of the Thames and surrounded by a solitude no less complete than had brooded over a thousand normal Sundays in the City of London, and wrote the kind of leading article that is always written when a war begins. It happened to be completely sincere. All the same it contained some curious statements. One was to the effect that 'we can confidently challenge Germany in the air.' If the Battle of Britain had had to be fought then instead of nearly a year later, I wonder what the verdict would have been?

The reality of modern war is upon us

V

Outside in the news-room, the foreign-room, the features-room, the material was being steadily gathered and prepared for the first war edition of the newspaper. Its size was to be twelve pages, and it was to carry the news of two momentous days and nights, Saturday as well as Sunday. Parliament had sat on both of them, and two pages were devoted to reporting its proceedings.

Saturday's session had been dramatic. From France the news was that the reluctant Daladier was still equivocating, and Mr. Chamberlain had himself spoken in terms which suggested to some that even now a hesitant Cabinet was dreaming of mediation. 'If the German Government should agree to withdraw its forces,' he declared, 'the position of His Majesty's Government would be the same as before those armies crossed the Polish frontier.' The way would then be open for discussions, and His Majesty's Government were ready to be associated with these discussions, if Poland and Germany should wish. It was then that Mr. Arthur Greenwood from the Labour front bench made his historic intervention. 'Speak for Britain!' he shouted. 'Speak for the working class!' Mr. McGovern added, more trenchantly if less accurately: 'You people don't intend to march, not a damn one of you.'

The report of Sunday's proceedings at Westminster was less interesting for, when Parliament assembled at noon, the Prime Minister had already broadcast to the nation his announcement that the nation was at war. But we had the news that the Cabinet had been strengthened, Winston Churchill being brought in as First Lord of the Admiralty and Anthony Eden (forgiven his anti-appeasement) as Dominions Secretary.

What other news did the paper that we put to bed that night carry? Rationing of coal, gas and electricity was announced, and petrol was to be pooled and rationed on September 16 (price 1s. 6d. a gallon). The War Agricultural Executive Committees had been set up in each county to stimulate

The first sirens at 11.10 a.m. send the people for shelter. This was a false alarm, but it was only the beginning

food production. 'Poland Claims Victory in East Prussia' declared one headline (fifteen days later it was all over); and another announced 'Thousands More Gas Masks for Babies' (a few weeks ago—summer, 1949—I read a headline saying 'Keep Your Gas Mask Handy'). The Stock Exchange and all Banks would be closed on Monday, 'but,' added the news-item, perhaps a shade redundantly, 'there will be no general holiday.' On the Saturday afternoon 400,000 people had paid for admission to football League matches, when Charlton Athletic had beaten Manchester United 2–0, and the Arsenal had beaten Sunderland 5–2. On the Sunday night the King issued a broadcast message to the Empire. There was a picture of children evacuated from Westminster paddling in the surf on Brighton beach. In the West End, Ivor Novello was playing in *The Dancing Years*; Gary Cooper and Ray Milland were the stars of *Beau Geste* at the Plaza, and Charles Laughton was the draw in *Jamaica Inn*.

VI

But the big news which that night's paper carried was of the first air-raid warning that had occurred on the Sunday morning. It had turned out to be a false alarm, but it had come so promptly after the declaration of war that the people in the streets as they made their orderly way into the shelters, gas-masks slung over their shoulders, had looked in each other's eyes with a shy surmise. There were pictures of them queueing to go in, being shepherded by the usual London policeman. There was a message from a reporter recording how he had been caught at the time in a taxi and how the driver had stopped and asked him, 'according to instructions,' to get out. When the sirens sounded, said the news-story, 'matins had just been concluded in Westminster Abbey and Holy Communion was in progress.' The service was completed without interruption, the wardens in the Abbey going to their posts.

So ran the record for next morning's readers of the first day of the 'phoney war'. But nobody guessed that night in the newspaper office or anywhere else in Britain that it was 'phoney', or would so continue for many months—until, in fact, that morning nine months later when I was awakened at 4.30 a.m. by one of my colleagues in the foreign news department and told that German troops had crossed the Dutch frontier before dawn. We were expecting anything—bombs, invasion, even (in our innocence) a big French advance while Hitler still had the Poles on his hands.

Having made preparations for a special late edition if big news broke, about 2 a.m. I groped my way home through the first night of blackout. I went to bed and lay awake a long time, wondering about many things and listening to a new sound, a high-pitched singing whistle in the still summer night. It was the wind aloft in the balloon cables. It was to be a frequent companion of my early hours, until louder noises came to drown it.

MAY SARTON

Now I Become Myself

Now I become myself. It's taken
Time, many years and places;
I have been dissolved and shaken,
Worn other peoples' faces,
Run madly as if Time were there
Terribly old, crying a warning,
'Hurry, you will be dead before—'
(What? Before you reach the morning,
Or the end of the poem is clear?
Or love safe in the walled city?)
Now to stand still, to be here,
Feel my own weight and density.
The black shadow on the paper
Is my hand; the shadow of a word
As thought shapes the shaper
Falls heavy on the page, is heard.
All fuses now, falls into place
From wish to action, word to silence,
My work, my love, my time, my face
Gathered into one intense
Gesture of growing like a plant.
As slowly as the ripening fruit
Fertile, detached, and always spent,
Falls but does not exhaust the root,
So all the poem is, can give
Grows in me who become the song,
Made so and rooted so by love.
Now there is time and Time is young.
O, in this single hour I live
All of myself and do not move.
I, the pursued, who madly ran,
Stand still, stand still, and stop the sun!

The author of the forthcoming book *Russia Puts the Clock Back*, in which he discusses fully the implications of the Lysenko controversy, here replies to Professor Haldane and other Marxist apologists

Lysenko and the Cold War

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

POWER politics may be an essential part of the divided world in which we live. It may be that we instinctively mistrust not merely the other side, but our own, in any argument across a diplomatic table; but it is certain that all free-minded people find in their reflective moods a tendency to doubt whether black and white as such are always involved; whether the other side or sides are always wrong, and Mr. Bevin both all-wise and all-good, always.

If we are to make up our minds about Russia and the West, it must not be by searching for facts and policies in a field where the truth is always compromised, where wise men are bound to be content with the possible, rather than seek the ideal.

It is for this reason that we must agree with J. D. Bernal when, in the current issue of the quaintly-named *Modern Quarterly*, speaking of the Lysenko biological controversy in the Soviet Union, he describes it as 'of an importance that demands that it should be understood by all who are concerned with the main political and philosophical problems of our time.' He adds that all should study the Verbatim Report of the discussion held in August 1948 at the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences.

We are all cowards, and political students are notoriously ignorant on scientific subjects. It is not possible, however, for anyone to excuse himself from reading the Lysenko report on the ground that he is ignorant of biology. From the scientific point of view, the whole matter has been brilliantly analysed by Professor Julian Huxley in *Nature* for 18 and 25 June. These two articles should also be required reading, especially for those who say: 'I expect there is some truth in Lysenko anyway.' (There is, perhaps, 'some truth', and if so, it would seem to be the same sort that was to be found in Mussolini, who made the trains run on time.)

Finally, there is Professor J. D. Bernal to keep us right on the essential point, namely, that the Lysenko controversy is not primarily a scientific one, but a political. He puts his finger on the crucial spot: The Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party has outlawed 'the accepted scientific views of the outside world' in an established branch of science. '*The importance of this decisive step is that it marks for the first time the assertion of the independence of science in the Soviet Union from the previously universal community of world science.*'

These are the words of a Communist Fellow of the Royal Society who finds this Russian retreat from the universality of science very much to his taste. Those of us who regard this retreat as a retrograde step in the history of human culture should be grateful to Bernal for the clarity with which he has stated the issue. It compares favourably, from the point of view of our Western standards, with the antics of Professor Haldane, who has spent his immense ingenuity in consistent efforts to muddle the whole issue, and confuse the layman.

The chief importance of Bernal's approach is that it reveals to us a scientist hotly defending the submission of science to political dictation and, by implication, denying that scientific method, experimental facts, or the subject-matter of scientific investigation, should be immune from censorship imposed by non-scientific bodies on the ground of political expediency. Moreover, he applauds the giving of dictatorial powers in the teaching and investigation of a scientific field to a man, Lysenko, whose own words condemn him as an offender against most of the criteria demanded in scientific work of any sort.

The competence or otherwise of Lysenko as a scientist is irrelevant to the political question involved, but it is not altogether irrelevant to our estimation of Professor Bernal's attitude. He is a scientist, and he has wholeheartedly accepted Lysenko's promotion not only as a Communist but as a scientist. Simple-minded folk might assume, therefore, that it was absolutely certain that Lysenko's credentials satisfied Bernal that he is not only a good Communist, but a good scientist.

Now, even Professor Haldane, a brother Communist and a geneticist who *knows* says: 'It must be realised that the results of experimental work are not available until they are published in such a form that they can be repeated. Every step to make such work accessible is a major contribution to good relations with the Soviet Union.' In short, he candidly admits that the evidence for Lysenko being a good scientist *which would satisfy a scientist,* does not exist, but only the evidence which would satisfy a Communist. Thus, in this matter, Haldane and Bernal are prepared to commit moral suicide as scientists in order to cling to their religious faith—an attitude which rationalism has had to contend with frequently in the struggle for Western ideals.

But that is not all: Haldane may be uncertain for lack of evidence and therefore forced back on accepting Lysenko as an act of faith, but three British scientists who have talked to Lysenko and seen his experiments and, in at least one case, tried to repeat his experiments, have made up their minds not as an act of faith but on intellectual grounds. And this is what they say: Huxley describes Lysenko's published statements as 'when not definitely false, inadequate and unscientific, in that they do not meet normal scientific criteria.' Professor Ashby says: 'His theories are not only astonishing: they are untenable.' Professor Harland: 'Lysenko was blazingly ignorant of the elementary principles of both plant physiology and genetics.' In this matter, then, the scientists Bernal and Haldane, having no evidence to go on themselves, prefer to the findings of their fellow scientists the dictat of Stalin. So, too, no doubt, did Oswald Mosley side with Hitler in favour of Nazi science when Hitler, by outlawing not only Jews, but their scientific discoveries, asserted the independence of science in Nazi Germany from the community of world science.

We pass without further comment to a final curiosity of the Communist point of view. People like Huxley, Harland and Ashby, have given us their opinion on the Soviet political censorship of normal scientific processes. It is a matter of scientists criticising, *in the interests of Science* and of human reason, the political behaviour of a slave-state, just as the Nazis had to be criticised for setting up the monstrosity called Nazi Science. In those days Huxley and Harland, Haldane and Bernal, all criticised the attack on science shoulder to shoulder. Now the first two defend science alone; the others defend its aggressor.

This remains true even if Lysenko were the greatest biologist since Darwin, for whole branches of biological research—loudly praised in the past by Haldane as evidence of Soviet devotion to science—have been abolished by state decree. Yet Bernal has the cool effrontery to say that the protests of men like Huxley, Harland, and Ashby, far from being inspired by a reverence for science and the freedom of the human reason, are simply hypocritical incitements to hot up the Cold War. They are using the Lysenko episode as 'a major

intellectual weapon in the cold war'. When those of us who believe in safeguarding the freedom of scientific research, and of experimentally ascertained truth, protest against the annihilation for political reasons of those freedoms, we are really looking around, Bernal believes, for another excuse to drop atomic bombs on the Kremlin.

Perverse quaintness of this sort has often been taken as evidence of a certain originality of mind, but Professor Bernal is derivative even here. 'The war had not ended,' cried the Director of the Ukrainian Institute of Fruit Growing, according to the Verbatim Report, 'when the fomentors of a new imperialist war appeared on the political scene in the capitalist countries . . . Among them were Sax, Darlington and other representatives of Mendelism-Morganism.'

What is the explanation favoured by Bernal for the dismissal of all the leading teachers and researchers in genetics in Soviet Russia? They have produced no useful results by their work and, by separating theory from practice, they have been un-Marxist.

Now, Haldane says that at present there is no proof that Lysenko's genetics has produced verifiable results, so that the known practical value of Lysenko must be confined to activities outside the area of scientific dispute. It does appear that, by teaching the Russian peasant to cut up the tubers before sowing, he has got larger crops from an equal amount of potato seed. It seems true that he has persuaded collective farmers to adopt soil-preserving methods of farming, most of which were worked out in imperialist America years ago. He has had good results from sowing wheat in stubble. But none of these valuable achievements justifies what, according to Bernal, is inevitable: 'For some time to come,' he says, 'there will be in the world two radically different theories of genetics, and more widely of evolution. The Soviet scientists are not going to change for the sake even of the best Marxist abroad.'

That, too, is a fundamental admission. What a cringing and contemptible attitude non-Soviet Marxists have taken up if they accept that all intellectual progress must come from Russia to them and that they can hope to contribute nothing but obedience.

So much for the Communist attitude towards the biological situation in Russia. What should ours be? We cannot possibly claim that all has been well in the past with the social uses to which science has been put. What we can claim is that in a world which has always been a battle-ground between good and evil and which will always remain so, there have been gradual, but on the whole, steady, gains for reason as against superstition, for free investigation as against authority, for limiting political dictation in the fields of culture. We believe that it is better that this progress shall continue. We know that a Galileo, a Newton, an Einstein, a Freud, a Darwin, have been revolutionaries against established thought, and that whatever opposition they met was in the end defeated by the political atmosphere of Western civilisation. We are convinced that there will be no great rebels in Soviet Russia so long as Lysenko episodes are typical, and with no intellectual rebels there will be no intellectual progress. As far as Russia is concerned, self-imposed emasculation is her own affair; it has long had its religious exponents there, and we should not interfere. But for those who would introduce the practice here, there must be no quarter. Nor is this an attitude that should be changed even if the growing material strength of world Communism looks like being victorious.

That is why students of politics should turn away from the diplomatic conference where power is always a factor to be considered, and get their fundamental ideas of black and white from the less corrupting and more uncompromising battlefield of intellectual ideas.

We may, without knowing it, be right or wrong in our views, for example, about the future of Germany. We shall know for certain if we are right or wrong, or rather we shall know which version of right we have accepted, when, after reading the Verbatim Report, we decide for Soviet separatist science or for the previously universal community of world science.

One of the most versatile and talented of contemporary American short story writers recounts her experiences in search of passion and truth

The Reading and Writing of Short Stories

EUDORA WELTY

EXPERIENCE teaches us that, when we are in the act of writing, we are alone and on our own, in a kind of absolute state of Do Not Disturb. And experience tells us further that each story is a specific thing, never a general thing—never. The words in the story we are writing now might as well never have been used before. They all shine; they are never smudged. Stories are *new* things, stories make words new; that is one of their illusions and part of their beauty. And of course the great stories of the world are the ones that seem new to their readers on and on, always new because they keep their power of revealing something.

But although all stories in the throes of being written seem new and although good stories are new and persist, there will always be some characteristics and some functions about them as old as time, as human nature itself, to keep them more or less alike, at least of a family; and there may be other things, undiscovered yet, in the language, in technique, in the world's body of knowledge, to change them out of our present recognition. Critics, historians, and scholars deal with these affairs—and keep good track of them—while for us, the practitioners, the writing of stories seems to simmer down—between stories—into some generalities that are worth talking about.

Between stories—yes, that's when we can talk.

I think we write stories in the ultimate hope of communication, but so do we make jelly in that hope. Communication and hope of it are conditions of life itself. Let's take that for granted, and not get side-tracked by excitement. We hope somebody will taste our jelly and eat it with even more pleasure than it deserves and ask for another helping—no more can we hope for in writing a story. Always in the back of our heads and in our hearts are such hopes, and attendant fears that we may fail—we do everything out of the energy of some form of love or desire to please. The writing of a story uses the *power* of this love or hope, of course, and not its simple, surface form such as comes out—rather nicely—in jelly-making.

During the writing of a story, all the energy we have is put to pressure and reaches a changed-over state—so as to act for the sole and concentrated purpose of making our work excellent and to the pattern of some preconceived idea we have of beauty. The diffusion of this energy will, in the long run, prevent our story from communicating, in the degree that it prevents it from being our own.

But the practical problems of the story at hand are, on the whole, minutiae. The little things that plague and absorb us in every story never let up. There, help is possible. And that they are little things explains, possibly, how it is that we can shed such problems so entirely once a story is done. Who remembers afterwards the nuisance of

counting the children, or preparing the reader for the murder, or getting the moon in the right part of the sky? They aren't truly important problems, and patience is the answer—time and patience.

To get at general problems, we have to go deeper—in fact, the deepest we can go—into the act of writing itself. The whole thing is subjective. All any of us can *know* about writing is what it seems like to us. It's not an imitative process.

Direct connection is all we have with short stories—reading and writing them. It is not ours to note influences, trace histories, and consider trends. We are in the thick of stories by being personally and directly concerned with them. It is from this close, unromantic, perhaps much less sure and much more passionate point of view, that we writers gaze at the art of the short story.

If we learn mostly little things from correction—from critics—do we learn the big things by doing? I think it the only way, but not an infallible way. That is, there is nothing that will guarantee our writing a better story next time than the one we have just finished. Some first stories remain a writer's best work. We work by the story—by the piece. The next story will always be a different thing. There are no two days alike—time moves. There are no two stories alike—*our* time moves. We were in one story and now we are in another—two worlds—and there are many more, though the thought neither helps nor hinders us any in the one where we now struggle.

II

How do we write a story? Our own way. Beyond that, I think it is hard to assign a process to it.

The mind in writing a story is in the throes of imagination, and it is not in the calculations of analysis. There is a Great Divide in the workings of the mind, shedding its energy in two directions: it creates in imagination, and it tears down in analysis. The two ways of working have a great way of worrying the life out of each other. But why can't they both go their ways in peace?

Let's not, to begin with, deny the powers and achievements of good criticism. That would be smug, ignorant, and blind. Story criticism can seem blind itself, when it is ingrown and tedious; on the other hand, it can see things in large wholes and in subtle relationships we should be only stupid not to investigate. It can illuminate, even though, in the face of all its achievements, its business is not to tell *how*. There is the Great Divide.

I feel like saying as a friend, to beginning writers, 'Don't be unduly worried by the analyses of stories you may see in some textbooks or critical articles. They are brilliant, no doubt useful to their own ends, but should not be alarming, for in a practical sense they just do not bear in a practical way on writing.' To use my own case, that being the only one I can rightly speak of, I have been baffled by analysis and criticism of some of my stories. When I see them analysed—most usually, 'reduced to elements'—sometimes I think, 'This is none of me.' Not that I am too proud to like being reduced, especially: but that I could not remember *starting* with those elements—with anything that I could so label. The fact that a story will reduce to elements, can be analysed, does not necessarily mean it started with them—certainly not consciously. A story can start with a bird song.

Criticism, or more strictly, analysis, is an impossible way to learn how the story was written. Analysis is a one-way process, and is only good after the event. In the newsreel pictures when the dive is shown in reverse, a swimmer can come back out of the water; the splash is swallowed up; he rises in the air and is safe and dry back on the diving board. But in truth you can't come by way of analysis back to the starting point of inspiration; that's against some law of the universe, it might almost seem. I myself lack a scientific upbringing; I hear the arrow of time exists, and I feel quite certain, by every instinct, so does the arrow of creation.

Readers of Sir Arthur Eddington—who may be enjoyed even by a reader ill-equipped in science if the reader loves good literature—will remember he explains the term 'entropy' as *becoming*. Our physical

world is ever in the act of becoming, and not its opposite. You can't undo a dive; you can't put Humpty Dumpty together again or restore unshot the arrow to the bow. Mr. Eddington does not bother with the writing of short stories and does not say, but you can't analyse a story back to its beginning and truly find thereby what the story started out to do, what then modified and determined it, and what eventually made it a superior story and not just a good story. A story is not the same thing when it ends as it was when it began. Something happens—the writing of it. It *becomes*. And as a story becomes, I believe we as readers understand by becoming too—by enjoying.

Let's look at some short stories as writers of stories ourselves and people who like them; let's see a little how they are disposed, watch them in their motions, and enjoy them.

Luckily, we shall have none of the problems of *not* enjoying them. Putting a story in its place—we shall escape that. Putting a story in its place when its place has become the important thing means absolutely not giving over to the story. It also means taking oneself with proper seriousness, keeping close watch not to make a fool of oneself, and watching limbs, lest one go out on a few. Enjoying them, we can go out on many a limb. Yet there is really a tougher requirement for enjoying: flexibility and openness of the mind—of the pores, possibly. For heaven forbid we should feel disgrace in seeking understanding by way of pleasure!

We would be sure of this, I believe, if we asked ourselves, How would we wish a story of our own to be understood? By way of delight—by its being purely read, for the first fresh impact and the wonder attached; isn't this the honest answer? It seems to me too that almost the first hope we ever had, when we gave someone a story all fresh and new, was that the story would *read new*. And that's how we should read.

What bliss! Think how often this is denied us. That's why we think of childhood books so lovingly. But hasn't every writer the rightful wish to have his story so read? And isn't this wish implicit in the story itself? By reading secondhandedly, or obediently as taught, or by approaching a story without an open mind, we wrong its very first attribute—its uniqueness, with its sister attribute of freshness. We are getting to be old, jaded readers—instructed, advised readers, victims of summaries and textbooks; and if we write stories as victims of this attitude ourselves, what will happen to us? While we read and while we write, let's forget what we're being for ever told and find the fresh world again—of enjoyment and pleasure and the story unspoiled, delighted in or hated for its own sake.

By enjoying, I don't mean to be *easy* on a story. Not all melted, the way William Saroyan at times requests readers to be. I mean only not to bother the story—not interrupt and interpret it on the side as if the conscience were at stake. To see it clear and itself, we must see it objectively.

After all, the constellations, patterns, we are used to seeing in the sky are purely subjective; it is because our combining things, our heroes, existed in the world almost as soon as we did that we were able long ago to see Perseus up there, and not a random scattering of little lights. Let's look at a particular story and see it solitary out in space, not part of some trend. It doesn't matter a bit for the moment who wrote it or when, or what magazine or book it appeared in or got rejected from, or how much or how little money the author got for it or whether he had an agent, or that he received letters in the mail when it was printed, saying, 'It is found that your story does not reduce to the elements of a story.' We're seeing this story as a little world in space, just as we can isolate one star in the sky by a concentrated vision.

III

The first thing we notice about our story is that we can't really see the solid outlines of it—it seems bathed in something of its own. It is wrapped in an atmosphere. This is what makes it shine, perhaps, as well as what initially obscures its plain, real shape.

We are bearing in mind that the atmosphere in a story may be its chief glory—and for another thing, that it may be giving us

an impression altogether contrary to what lies under it. The brightness may be the result of whizzing in a circle. Some action stories fling off the brightest clouds of obscuring and dazzling light, like ours here. Our penetrating look brings us the suspicion finally that this busy object is quite dark within, for all its clouds of speed, those primary colours of red and yellow and blue. It looks like one of Ernest Hemingway's stories, and it is.

Now a story behaves; it goes through motions—that's part of it. Some stories leave a train of light behind them: meteor-like, so that much later than they strike our eye we may see their meaning like an after-effect. These wildly careening stories are in many ways among the most interesting of all—the kind of story sometimes called apocalyptic. I think of Faulkner's stories as being not meteors but comets; in a way still beyond their extravagance and unexpectedness and disregard of the steadier laws of time and space, Faulkner's stories are comet-like in that they do have a wonderful course of their own: they reappear; in their own time they reiterate their meaning, and by reiteration show a whole further story over and beyond their single significance.

If we have thought of Hemingway's stories, then, as being bare and solid as billiard balls, so scrupulously cleaned of adjectives, of every unneeded word as they are, of being plain throughout as a verb in itself is plain, we may come to think twice about it. The atmosphere that cloaks D. H. Lawrence's stories is of sensation, which is a pure but thick cover, a cloak of self-luminous air, but the atmosphere that surrounds Hemingway's stories is just as thick and to some readers less illuminating. Action can be inscrutable, more than sensation can be. It can be just as voluptuous, too, just as vaporous, and much more desperately concealing.

So the first thing we see about a story is its mystery. And in the best stories, we return at the last to see mystery again. Every good story has mystery—not the puzzle kind, but the mystery of allurement. As we understand the story better, it is likely that the mystery does not necessarily decrease; rather it simply grows more beautiful.

Now, of what is this story composed, the one we're sighting? What is the plot, in other words?

E. M. Forster, in his book on the novel, makes the acute distinction between plot and narrative thread. A story is a 'narrative of events arranged in their time-sequence. A plot is also a narrative of events, the emphasis falling on causality.' With a plot, instead of keeping on asking, What next? we ask: Why?

Well, in Hemingway's story, which is *Indian Camp*, one of his early ones, Nick goes with his father, a doctor, to see a sick Indian woman. She is suffering in labour and the doctor operates on her without an anaesthetic. In the bunk above her head, her husband lies with a sore foot. After the operation is over and the child has been successfully born, the husband is found to have slit his throat because he was not able to bear his wife's suffering. Nick asks: 'Is dying hard, Daddy?' 'No, I think it's pretty easy,' his father says.

The story is composed of this—the inability to endure suffering. The wish to die rather than face pain. Is this a red and blue world? I see it as dark as night—Hemingway's world is again and again a world of fear; of physical cruelty, pain, the giving of pain, and for a counter the inability to receive it except in propriety—one way. In Hemingway there is only one way, you know. It is a fear-ridden world, in which the only exorcisement is ritual—the bullfighter's code, the rules of sport, of warfare. This story is over and over again told with a kind of appetite, gusto; and this paradox of essence and effect is one of the hypnotic and incomparable things about Hemingway—his value and his mystery. His imitators lack both value and mystery. Violence in itself is not a story; there is violence and there is the story, or rather the plot, of violence.

How do we get, in Hemingway, that sense of opaqueness? It is not because the stories are stories of action—for action can be radiant, we know—not because they are bare and clean of adjectives and fuss. (Why

are feelings and adjectives supposed to be in themselves any more—or any less—illuminating than action and verbs?) To this reader, Hemingway's stories are opaque because they are moralising stories. And to be moralising is to be flat-surfaced—to take up your stand behind a shield. The stories aren't really out in the open at all, the outdoors notwithstanding; the arena functions like an ambush, with the author behind taking pot shots at the reader.

Be stoic. We are taught by Hemingway, who is *instructive* by method, that there is a way we had better be. The world is full of fear and danger, says he. We say, All right—it is that. He says, I give you the ceremony. Better not look any closer, but keep to your places. So braveness and fear, instructions and ceremonial to-do, step in front of reality just as surely as sentimentality can. Our belligerent planet Mars has an unknown and unrevealed heart.

But we have to go on from there. For what comes of it? Part of Hemingway's power comes straight out of this conditioning he imposes on his stories. In San Francisco there's a painting by Goya, who himself used light, action, and morality dramatically, of course. The bull ring and the great tossing wall of spectators are cut in diagonal half by a great shadow of afternoon. There lies the wonder of the painting—the opaque paired with the clear, golden sun; half of the action, with dense, clotting shade. It's like this in Hemingway's plots.

In the same way, one power of Hemingway's famous use of conversation derives from the fact that it is often in translated or broken sentences—a shadow inserted between the direct speakers. It is an obscuring and at the same time a magical touch; it illuminates from the side. It makes us aware of the fact that communication is going on.

As we now picture Hemingway's story, isn't it something like this—not transparent, not radiant from the front; but from the side, from without his story, from a moral source, comes its beam of light; and his story is not radiant, but spotlighted? Don't we feel the kind of excitement from reading his stories that we more usually feel at a play?

IV

As we all have observed, plot can throw its weight in any of several ways, varying in their complexity, flexibility, and interest: on to the narrative, or situation; on to the character; on to the interplay of characters; and on to some higher aspects of character, emotional states, and so on, which is where the rules leave off, if they've come with us this far, and the uncharted country begins. Let's look at further stories, still not seeking to evaluate their authors or the stories among others of their authors, but taking them up where we find them as they bring out some aspect or another of plot.

Stephen Crane's *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky* tells a story of situation; it is a playful story, using two situations, like counters.

Jack Potter, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, has gone to San Anton' and gotten married and is bringing his bride home in a Pullman—the whole errand to be a complete surprise to the town of Yellow Sky. 'He knew full well that his marriage was an important thing to his town. It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel.'

And in Yellow Sky another situation is building up in matching tempo with the running wheels. A messenger appears in the door of the Weary Gentleman saloon crying 'Scratchy Wilson's drunk and has turned loose with both hands.' 'Immediately a solemn, chapel-like gloom was upon the place. . . . "Scratchy Wilson is a wonder with a gun, a perfect wonder, and when he goes on the war-trail, we hunt our holes—naturally".' Scratchy enters town, pistols in both hands. His 'cries of ferocious challenge rang against walls of silence. And his boots had red tops with gilded imprints, of the kind beloved in winter by little sledding boys on the hillsides of New England. . . . He walked with the creeping movement of the midnight cat. As it occurred to him, he roared menacing information. . . . The little fingers of each hand played sometimes in a musician's way. . . . The only sounds were his terrible invitations.'

All this is delightful to us, not only for itself but for its function of play, of assuring our anticipation; the more ferocious Scratchy

is, the more we are charmed. Our sense of the fairness, the proportion of things is gratified when he 'comfortably fusiladed the windows of his most intimate friend. The man was playing with this town; it was a toy for him.' This plot of situation gives us a kind of kinetic pleasure; just as being on a see-saw is pleasant not only for where we are but for where the other person is.

The train arrives; Jack Potter and bride get off, and Jack's emotion-charged meeting with Yellow Sky is due; and Scratchy Wilson turns out to be its protagonist. They come face to face, and Potter, who says, 'I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy', takes only a minute to make up his mind to be shot on his wedding day.

'If you ain't got a gun, why ain't you got a gun?' Scratchy sneers at the marshal. And Potter says, 'I ain't got a gun because I've just come from San Anton' with my wife. I'm married.' 'Married?' asks Scratchy—he has to ask it several times, uncomprehending. 'Married?'

'Seemingly for the first time, he saw the drooping, drowning woman at the other man's side. "No!" he said. He was like a creature allowed a glimpse of another world. . . . "Is this the lady?"

'"Yes; this is the lady," answered Potter.

'"Well", said Wilson at last, slowly, "I s'pose it's all off now."

' . . . He was not a student of chivalry; it was merely that in the presence of this foreign condition he was a simple child of the earlier plains. He picked up his starboard revolver, and, placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand.'

So, in Crane's story, two situations, two forces, gather, meet—or rather are magnetised toward one another, almost—and collide. One is vanquished—the unexpected one—with neatness and absurdity, and the vanquished one exits; all equivalents of comedy.

V

In Katherine Mansfield's 'Miss Brill', there is only one character and only one situation. The narrative is simple; Miss Brill's action consists nearly altogether in sitting down; she does nothing but go and sit in the park, return home and sit on her bed in her little room. Yet considerably more of a story is attempted by this lesser to-do than Crane attempted in *Yellow Sky*; its plot is all implication.

'Miss Brill' is set on a stage of delight. 'Although it was so brilliantly fine—the blue sky powdered with gold, and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the *Jardins Publiques*—Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. . . . [She] put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing!' We see right off that for Miss Brill delight is a kind of cosiness. She sits listening to the band, her Sunday habit, and 'Now there came a little flutey bit—very pretty!—a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.'

Miss Brill has confidence in her world—anticipation: what will happen next? Ah, but she knows. She's delighted but safe. She sees the others from her little perch, her distance—the gay ones and then those on benches: 'Miss Brill had often noticed there was something funny about nearly all of *them*. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared, they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even—even cupboards!' For she hasn't identified herself at all.

The drama is slight in this story. There is no collision. Rather the forces meeting in the *Jardins Publiques* have, at the story's end, passed through each other and come out the other side; there has not been a collision, but a change—something much more significant. This is because, though there is one small situation going on, a very large and complex one is implied—the outside world, in fact.

One of the forces in the story is life itself, corresponding to the part of Scratchy Wilson, so to speak. Not violent life—life in the setting of a park on Sunday afternoon in Paris. All it usually does for Miss Brill is promenade stylishly while the band plays, form little tableaux, separate momently into

(*Continued on page 80*)

FAMOUS LETTERS—2

Rainer Maria Rilke was a prolific letter-writer, but only very rarely did he concern himself with political questions. The following letter is, therefore, of special interest, as it gives the poet's view of Germany after the First World War, and allows a parallel to be drawn with events in that country today. The letter is taken from a small volume, Letters to a Young Woman, *which is still unpublished in this country*

Château de Muzot sur Sierre,
(Valais)
Switzerland

2nd February, 1923

The same anxieties and inexpressible hasty actions which make you suffer so much make me more and more silent. How often, dear friend, did I intend to answer your agitated last but one letter and how often postponed it for a better and more propitious hour, so that you might experience fully how it was taken by me (with its four large sheets) to my heart. But my summer, and, particularly so, my autumn were visited by many uncertainties, and if I now try, alone in my old tower, to make this winter resemble as closely as possible the pleasant winter before it, then that, too, is fraught with difficulty, partly because my health is less uniform, and partly just because of those intrusive disturbances, which (even as it was during the War!) impart to everything one begins the vexation precipitated by general conditions. As far as that is concerned I can apply to myself, word for word, many a sentence that you write, for instance: 'Already half my thoughts by day are no longer mine, and the nights are full of feverish visions.' This and others as well, for I am affected in no different way. What is happening? And what are we in these happenings? It is again, as was always so during the War, an alien misfortune, importunate and yet, at the same time, hardly concerning us, in which we are becoming involved. Does it not often seem as though one could rise above it with one breath on that account? Often, too, as in wandering through the summer meadows one brushes against a low-hidden flower which answers with released perfume, one comes upon some humble consolation in one's spirit which communicates itself as if from some overflow that has been stemmed . . . Your letter itself is full of such surprises, full of those pure sweet scents of the heart, that only he who has passed through complete poverty learns to know.

For myself, as I see it all and have to live through it according to my own nature and predisposition, there is no doubt that it is Germany which by not recognising itself is retarding the world. The diverse composition and wide education of my blood gives me a peculiar detachment to realise this. In 1918, in the moment of collapse, Germany might have shamed and shaken the whole world by an act of deep sincerity and conversion; by a visible and determined renunciation of its falsely developed prosperity—in a word, by that humility which would have been so everlastingly part of its very being and an element of its dignity, and which would have anticipated every humiliation that might have been dictated to it from outside. At that time—so I hoped for a moment—the lost departed lines of that humility which animates Dürer's drawings so constructively were to be added to, and incorporated in, the features of Germany that had become so strangely one-sided and acquiescent. Perhaps there were a few people there who felt that, whose wishes and whose conviction were directed towards such a correction. The fact that it did not happen is now beginning to show itself and already take its revenge. Something has been omitted that would have pulled everything into proportion. Germany has failed to give its purest and best measure, restored on its

oldest foundations. It has not renewed itself from its base or changed its heart. It has not created for itself that dignity which has the innermost humility at its roots. It was concerned solely with its own salvation in a superficial, hasty, mistrustful and avaricious sense. It wanted to accomplish and then to escape clear, rather than to suffer, to endure and be ready for its miracle according to its most secret nature. It wanted to persist instead of changing itself, and so one now feels that something has been omitted. A date is missing which would have given some support. A rung is missing in the ladder, hence the indescribable anxiety, the fear and the 'foreboding of a sudden and violent fall' . . . What is to be done? Let us, each of us, hold on to our still quiet, still trustworthy island of life, fulfilling our lot upon it, suffering and feeling that which is ours. Mine is no more settled and secure for me than yours is for you. I am a guest where you are a tenant. But is your lease really now to be ended in the autumn after you have awakened and developed the land for the landlord in a three-year tenure? Is there no possibility of convincing him for the better? I can imagine how infinitely difficult it is to find another similar place just now. To go to the Argentine would correspond little with your disposition and your need to maintain contact with a world which is more intimate and yet somehow knows with you. In any case the conditions there are no longer as they were formerly, such that might favour courage and strength.

But what a result after all, what a complete and abundant harvest, when you survey the years in Weimar! So certain is that gain that, had you not in the course of the third page of your letter thought of drawing a line and indicating the total, I would yet have gathered in my reading the good and wholesome abundance from your lines—even from the anxiety-ridden ones—as from the boughs of a fruit-tree.

This makes me continue to hope for you the good that I wish you and that you have become so deeply capable of loving.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Solitude

Solitude resembles a rain
That rises towards evening out of the main,
Or from some distant, some far away plain,
Ascends to the sky for ever, until down,
From there alone, it falls on the town.

Rain down in the hours of twilight,
When streets all turn towards dawn,
When bodies, finding nought in the night,
Must part disappointed, forlorn;
And when those who love have forsworn
Must sleep together as lovers;

Then solitude flows with the rivers.

(*Translated by Leslie Phillips*)

THESE WARM NIGHTS

HOLLIS ALPERT

I CANNOT always understand my friend Bikorski. These July nights we have been sitting on the steps in front of our building. Not far away, to the west, is the old Third Avenue elevated structure and, every moment or so, the trains clank past. For some reason the train noise bothers me—such sounds should be eliminated in a modern world—but Bikorski is not disturbed. I have never known a man who allows so little to disturb him. We sit on the steps and turn our faces toward the stray breezes that come from the East River, and Bikorski smokes his pipe, and sometimes he speaks. The aroma of his tobacco is an enjoyment for me. It has the fragrance of distant places in it, places that Bikorski once knew. For Bikorski is a Russian. Long ago, he tells me, he came from the south of Russia. He has spoken of Batoum and Baku. He has also spoken of Pushkin and Gogol. An educated man, my friend Bikorski.

We speak of many matters among the night noises of our street. There are buses and automobiles and there are boys shouting as they play at their obscure games. There are small girls who shriek at one another. Inside the building are the sounds of the tenants, the high wails of babies, the loud voices of the parents. Sometimes a man and woman fling obscene words at each other. All this does not disturb Bikorski. He sits with his face turned toward the river breeze and his voice is a deep, soft murmur.

I must explain that not only is my friend Bikorski an educated man, but he is a kind of artist as well. He is a jewellery worker who for thirty years has carved watch-cases out of gold and platinum. He is known for his great precision. It is only on this that I have heard him make a mild complaint.

'I am not allowed the full use of imagination,' he once said. 'I could make wonderful watch-cases, like none ever seen before. But I must always make them to order, to match a model, an illustration. So what I do, I try to make a perfect likeness. So then I can hear the words, "Bikorski, that's it exactly; it's exactly what I wanted." Better a little.'

That he tells me often. Better a little.

I must admit that I am often given to complaints. 'I came to this city,' I tell him, 'expecting remarkable things, buildings of great height, with their spires in the clouds.'

'There are tall buildings,' says Bikorski.

'They're too few, they're not tall enough.'

'You expect too much, my friend.'

'Yes,' I admit to him, 'I expected more. I thought that in such a great city there would be room for everyone. I thought that it was simply a matter of making the buildings taller.'

'You have a bed, a place to sleep.'

'That's true.'

I light one cigarette after another, while Bikorski draws slowly at his pipe. This

evening I keep glancing up the street, towards the bars on the corner, looking for Bikorski's wife to appear. I am much more the anxious, the distressed one, than Bikorski. He looks away, toward the river, although he knows she will not come from that direction.

I am distinctly bothered by his wife. I tell myself that it is only on his account that I am bothered, but I know of another, secret disturbance she has for me. Mary is perhaps twenty years younger than Bikorski. She has a thin, pliant body and sharp, pretty face. She uses heavy bitter-sweet perfumes that linger in the corridors of our building for an hour after she has passed through. Once she worked where Bikorski worked, in the jewellery shop, but now that she is married to him she does nothing, nothing except what seems to please her. I live directly across the hall from them. I know that she does nothing for their rooms. They have a small kitchen, but she does not cook; she does not sweep a floor or make their bed. And when Bikorski is at work, she will come into my room and ask me to button the back of her blouse. She twists around to smile at me. I pretend cold disinterest and she leaves my room angrily.

However, that does not stop her with others.

Much of the noise has faded from the street, for it is almost midnight and we have been sitting and speaking together for a long time. I happen, at this moment, to notice a woman emerging from one of the bars on the corner. A man comes out after her and she shakes him away. She walks toward us and sometimes she wanders off to one side, as though an invisible person has gently pushed her. Now she stands before us, and Bikorski looks up at her calmly.

'Hello,' she says, 'hello you two, hello.'

'Good evening,' Bikorski says pleasantly to his wife, in the tone of a gentleman.

I only nod to her. I keep telling myself how much I despise this woman.

'And where have you been, Mary?' her husband asks, with politeness.

'Up there,' she says, gesturing toward the opposite side of the street. But across the street there are only buildings much like ours, and noticing this, she points to the corner where the red neon signs seem to flame brightly. 'I had a couple. Friend of mine treated me. Nice fellow.'

She has defiant eyes as she looks at Bikorski. Defiant, but now and then a slight wavering comes to them. Bikorski nods, his expression abstracted, his pipe held comfortably between his lips.

'I'm sick of you,' she says, positively, as though there has never been any question about it.

Bikorski does not answer.

'I'm leaving,' she says, 'I'm leaving this very minute.'

She puts one foot on the first step and pushes me aside. There is perfume even on her leg. I feel the urge to hit her, to tear her apart, but I stare straight ahead.

'And don't try to stop me,' she calls back from the hallway, 'you two.'

'A spirited little creature,' Bikorski murmurs, as though to himself.

2

'Bikorski,' I say, 'you ought to do something about that little creature.'

'Let her go,' he says, 'she will come back.'

'You let her walk all over you. Why?' I ask.

'I'm no longer a fiery youngster, friend.'

'But . . . '

Bikorski raises his hand, to stop me from saying anything further. 'She will come back,' he says quietly.

'Well,' I say, 'it seems to me your psychology isn't very good in this case.'

'What would you suggest? That I beat her?'

'Insist on your rights any way you like,' I say.

'No,' Bikorski says, 'I could not harm the little creature. Would you tear off the wings of a butterfly, my friend?'

'I don't consider your wife a butterfly,' I say.

Bikorski only sucks in on his pipe and again stares away, toward the river. Just then, near us, two boys begin a fight. It is a mock fight but they slap at each other sharply. And at the same time a man with wrinkled, dirty clothes staggers past us. He carries a bottle, clutching it as though it is his last and most valuable possession. The boys, at the sight of him, stop their fighting and run to him. One suddenly grabs the bottle from the man's hand and taunts him with it. He then hands it to the other boy, who runs with it to a nearby alleyway. The man has a terrible look of consternation on his face. He seems utterly bereft.

'That is too bad,' Bikorski says. He raises himself from the step, goes to the alleyway and takes the bottle from the boy. With a courtly gesture he hands it back to the man.

'My friend,' the drunk says, 'I thank you. I thank you sir, from the depths of my heart.'

I am surprised to see how young the man is—half Bikorski's age, at most, perhaps the very same age as I.

'He would be better off without that bottle,' I tell Bikorski, when he reseats himself beside me.

'Let him enjoy what he has remaining to him,' Bikorski says.

I am about to make an answer to this, but from inside I hear the sharp tap of heels descending the stairs, coming along the corridor. It is Mary, and she has with her a small suitcase. Her face still has the same defiance. At this moment she hates the two of us. I feel sure of it.

'I'm going,' she says, 'goodbye, you two.'

'Where are you going?' Bikorski asks, mildly. He does not look up at her, but stares downward at her shoes perhaps. Shoes with ridiculously thin high heels.

'Away from you,' Mary says, 'I'm sick of you. Just try and stop me.'

She stands there, looking from one to the other of us, as though she really hopes we will attempt to stop her, as though she needs that to harden her resolve.

'You are free to do as you like,' Bikorski says.

'Free,' she says, 'free?' Suddenly tears are rolling down her cheeks. Her eyes glisten. She wipes the tears away with the back of her free hand. She walks slowly, blindly, up the street. Once she turns her head, as though wondering if we will say something to her, perhaps call her back. Then a man appears from the shadow of a building and takes her arm. He whistles at a passing taxi but it does not stop, for there are passengers inside.

'Look,' I say quickly to Bikorski, 'I'll get her. I'll drag her back. Let me do it for you.'

He knocks out the tobacco from his pipe against the stone step. 'It is time to sleep,' he says.

I watch Mary get into a taxi with the man; Bikorski does not appear to see them. But he rises wearily to his feet. He stretches, but as though he has not got the full strength even for that. 'Goodnight, my friend,' he says.

'Goodnight, Bikorski.'

I remain alone, sitting on the steps. I am unwilling to go inside as yet, for it is as though I am unsatisfied by what has occurred to me during the day. 'There is not enough,' I tell myself. 'There is more.' Have I made a statement or asked a question? An

2

elevated train rattles by. Somewhere in the dark streets a taxi bears Mary and her companion to a destination. Suddenly I have a wild envy of the man in the taxi with her. I have never envied Bikorski's having her, but this unknown man, yes. 'There is no use to all this,' I tell myself. The thoughts must be stopped.

So then I rise and go inside the building, walk through the musty corridor, climb the stairs to my room. There is no flowing air in the room, only a soggy, static warmth that presses down upon me. Perhaps I sleep. I can't be sure. Time moves sluggishly past me, and I am in a realm somewhere between sleeping and waking. All noises have gradually died away. There is only deep, humid

silence, and within this noiselessness I twist and turn.

The knocking at my door seems to come from deep within some vague dream. I turn and the dream disappears, but still there is the knocking. My watch tells me that it is almost morning. I get out of bed, find a robe in the darkness and put it around me. The knocking continues, and I say, 'Yes, I'm coming. Who is it?'

'It's me, Mary.'

I open the door for her and she comes in. She still holds the suitcase and with her other hand pushes me aside, not in anger, for she does not realise she has pushed me. She has only wanted a place to sit down. I switch the lamp on and I see the deep, dark circles under her eyes.

'Believe me,' she says, 'it's all the same. It's always the same everywhere. There's nowhere to go.'

'Why do you come to me?' I ask.

'I'm afraid to go in there.' She points to the door. I know she means the rooms across the hall, where Bikorski is asleep.

'Why?' I ask.

'He frightens me.'

'He won't hurt you.'

She makes a fist of her hand and presses it against her breast.'He hurts me here. He twists me all up in here.'

'You'd better go to him,' I say.

'No,' she says, stubbornly, 'I'll stay with you. You want me to, don't you?'

I look at her. Her black hair has strayed partly across her face, and her dark eyes within their shadows are deep and shining. Her bosom rises and falls.

'Get the hell out of here,' I say. I grasp her thin arm and repeat, 'Get the hell out of here.'

'Sure,' she says, her eyes bright with knowledge, 'but don't think you fool anyone. I'll go. Have sweet dreams, you.'

I open my door, step across the hall and knock on Bikorski's door. After a time I hear his shuffle inside, and he opens the door. He stands blinking at me. Then he sees Mary standing in my doorway, and a slow lovely smile spreads across his broad face.

'I have waited for you,' he says to her.

He is wearing old slippers, and a bathrobe that is worn and stained, and the grey hairs of his chest show, and yet I have never seen him look so dignified.

Mary flashes her eyes at me. 'Goodnight, you,' she says, 'have sweet dreams.'

'Goodnight, Mrs. Bikorski,' I say.

Bikorski follows her inside, and just before closing the door says to me, 'Goodnight, friend.'

I return to my room, close my door, and sit on the edge of my bed. Bikorski is my friend, I tell myself over and over. Suddenly I realise her perfume is in my room. I wave my arms frantically, trying to drive it away, but there is no way of ridding the air of it. I feel like weeping, but no tears will come. Someday, perhaps, I will be like Bikorski, I tell myself that. But it is hopeless. There are not even dreams. I can only stare upward, waiting for the light of morning to come.

JEAN ARP

PAULE VÉZELAY

MUCH has, of course, already been written about the sculptor and poet Jean Arp, yet even now, the experience of seeing his works for the first time is apt to silence the most loquacious among us. This silence is perhaps significant, although it may only be the effect of sheer amazement. Yet, the obvious exclamations and descriptive adjectives refuse to remain mute for more than a moment; they soon rush forward to offer themselves—so many willing volunteers for a simple task—wonderfully beautiful, surprising, splendid, exciting, original, voluptuous, voluminous. Ah! Every one of these words, which glide off the pen as glibly as off the tongue, is acceptable enough; each could be truthfully applied and fastened firmly to Arp's works, yet such spontaneous expressions, called forth by a first and maybe slightly agitated glance, are somehow quite inadequate. Contemplation brings more interesting reflections, as well as a feeling of joy.

The spontaneous pleasure which quickly replaces our amazement is like the thrill of a despondent traveller when a curve in the gloomy track brings him suddenly to the edge of the wood, where at last the green curtains are drawn back to reveal the Enchanted Castle of Rejoicing. He stands as we did, silent and motionless before the pure silhouette of its form; his eyes rest upon the hundred gaily-coloured banners which flutter gently from the hundred turrets. Had he not already seen this castle in his dreams and vaguely hoped some path might lead him towards it? Yet he had but hoped. Enraptured now, he gazes at the lowered drawbridge; enchanted, he looks towards the open door where the Loved One stands waiting . . . ABSURD! How have we been plunged into this delicious fairy-story mood while contemplating works of art? . . . and without so much as a backward glance—who cares?

It is not for nothing that these fascinating forms were created by a Dadaïste, a Surréaliste, an Abstract artist, a poet; a man, moreover, who is ever ready to snatch at our intellects or emotions and whirl us without ceremony far from the boredom of everyday reality.

Who *could* resist his invitation?

'les fleurs sont noires de joie
le ciel est beau comme une flamme
je m'envole par une journée de miel
voulez-vous voler avec moi

voulez-vous du miel ou des éclairs
voulez-vous une fleur comme un ciel
voulez-vous des fleurs comme des éclairs
voulez-vous un ciel de miel

qui vole au-dessous de moi
vous belle journée de miel
qui vole au-dessus de moi
vous belle flamme noire de joie'

This is an age when almost every belief and tradition shakes and trembles piteously among the fragments of those which have already lost stability altogether. The only conviction that remains arrogantly unshaken, refusing to be alarmed by the mutual turmoil of any of us, is the idea that nothing

Concrete Form in black granite : a voyage of discovery

THE WORK OF JEAN ARP

Bronze Star : like a tropical plant

Chartres : in three dimensions

can, or should, remain static. Hear the song of Walt Whitman:

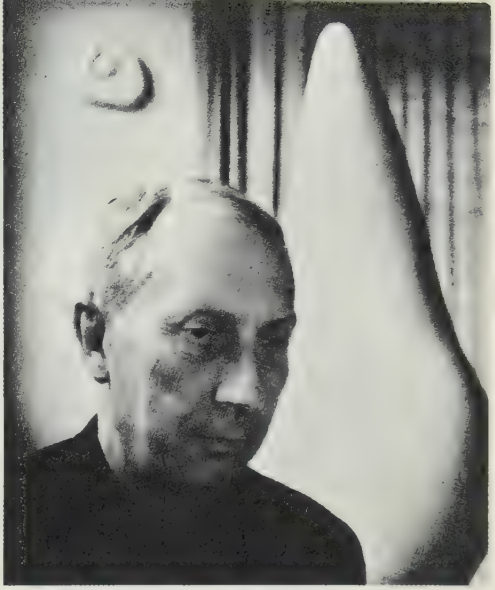
'Have the past struggles succeeded?
What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? Nature?
Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary
My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion.'

In past ages, art perpetually renewed herself, as we all know, by a never-ending but slowly-developed series of revolutions. Today there is nothing very revolutionary even about revolutions; what does seem new is the desire to control, direct, and even hasten the transformations that appear upon the horizon.

The last thirty years has been a period astonishingly rich in both inventions and discoveries, as well as one of revolt and destruction. Since 1916, in fact, during the most revolutionary period ever known, Arp has always been among the most daring pioneers and revolutionary inventors of extremely rebellious groups of creative artists.

They not only revolted against the classic tradition of European art, but also against the ideal of being 'true to nature'. They revolted against the futile attempts, multiplied a million times and a million times unsuccessful, to imitate and copy her. Did not Arp write somewhere: 'Art is a fruit growing out of a man like a fruit out of a plant, like a child out of the mother . . . I like nature but not its substitutes'? This may be the reason why we find no trace of objectivity in his works, nor the dogmatism of many classic masterpieces. The Old Masters gave us the vision of their own inventions, often rich and interesting, frequently boring or tantalising; Arp creates works which are apt to entice our own imaginations to make voyages of discovery rather than invite us to admire his own dream worlds. For this alone we owe him gratitude.

His works in stone, metal and wood, carry no trace of the labour which forced or urged them from their solid masses. There is no



ARP: *a portrait of the sculptor*

sign of the immense patience that gradually, yet persistently, moulded and gently conquered the soft fragility of plaster; nor can we guess how the fragments of each collage fell so harmoniously together, since every precisely cut or torn fragment retains the air of carelessness that entirely hides the planned exactitude of these happy compositions.

The technique of the artist never fails. Every separate piece might well have fallen from some giant sculpture-bearing tree, its ripe fruit bursting at last from the velvet eider-downs lining the shells which had so snugly enveloped them.

Some of these sculptures stand as proudly as rocks which still dominate their mountain regions undisturbed; others seem so small beside them that we are metamorphosed as abruptly as Alice in Wonderland, growing taller and taller—alarmingly tall—until our terrified, roving eyes are distracted by other works; we shrink to normal size again in the nick of time. Some of the other works are like tropical plants from imaginary climes; some remind us of human limbs or miraculous breasts, while several have the shapes of meadow pools, or unknown eggs from unborn birds; we find a vase that needs no flowers, and forms which remind us of strangely lovely, drooping petals, and fierce unfolding fronds. A few rear up their

A form of white silence: for the eye a feast and dance

rounded extremeties as great stamens might, making us half believe they have the power to propagate.

At last, when our fickle eyes rest upon a leaf-like form, do we not see a tree? Arp sings:

'*dans chaque arbre pousse une forêt.*'

A forest hides many things, and this leaf-like form brings us all the forest shade. Here wild prowlers wildly prowl, savage hunters hunt savagely, while loving lovers lie upon their bed of moss amid the dark blue and red blossoms, safely hidden away from prowling danger, from prowling eyes . . .

But the form is no leaf! Is it then a shell ?

Is it an unfamiliar, but deliciously curving, shell—one that has never known the bliss of lying upon the rippled sand as we have done, stretched in delightful idleness, every thought and emotion lulled to oblivion by the ebbing-lapping lullaby of crooning water . . . ?

But the form is no shell!

The shells, the forest and the lovers, the stamens and miraculous breasts, *all* are but harmonies of line and form, solid volumes in three dimensions. They need no titles, for why should they wish to guide the unknowing ones in their touching search for a recognisable object, any object upon which they may fling themselves at last triumphantly? Even the slow-witted come to understand in time.

The perfect proportions of all these pure invented forms give to each its own life, and its own dignity. Perhaps, after all, they have their mysterious power to propagate, since they engender emotions and visions as varied as the desires of each onlooker. Everyone possessing the capacity for dreams may find and claim his own.

Arp has always translated his emotions into concrete and visible form. Stones, plaster, wood, paper, metal, words and colours—all have served him. His works are indeed 'wonderfully beautiful, surprising, splendid, exciting, original, voluptuous, voluminous'. Slowly perhaps—if we ourselves are slow—their pure rounded shapes and harmonious rhythm tell us both truth and fairy-tale, as well as much that may only be expressed by these solid masses. His works reach and touch every unencumbered intellect and each lively and receptive spirit. For that alone we should value them greatly. They lead us into a world of poetic imagination in which discord is unknown.

Yet when all is said, the best gift a sculptor can offer is a gift for our eyes; they, too, need their pleasures.

Arp invites the eyes to feast and dance in these Castles of Rejoicing.

HEMINGWAY IN ITALY

PETER RUSSELL

WHAT impressed me about Ernest Hemingway was his robust geniality. He was open and frank in his speech, and homely in the best Mid-Western manner. I expected a powerful hand-shake and I was right—the tale of his toughness was evidently true! We sat down in the living-room of the chalet he had rented at Cortina. The room was light; there were piles of books on the floor, a few photographs, and several large colour-prints of paintings by Botticelli were propped up on the sideboard. He was sitting in an armchair opposite me, a large man with a barrel-shaped body and a huge head. His hair recedes from the forehead and is brushed straight back and grizzled at the roots. He had half an inch of beard and almost immediately started talking of it—evidently proud of the patriarchal look it gave him. He has a strong accent and speaks in that crisp and yet casual manner which we have come to associate with Americans from the West.

Throughout the talk I observed his restless manner—he would turn suddenly from speaking of books or authors, and refer to his passion for shooting, or his interest in skiing. The only subject on which he spoke at length, without breaking off, was the situation in which Ezra Pound was living. His manner could not be described as nervous, and yet it did seem preoccupied, and whenever there was a pause in the conversation, he was inclined to glance hastily around the room. But when he spoke, or whenever he was listening, he seemed quite unselfconscious and absorbed by the subject.

There was nothing formal about Hemingway—he was dressed in grey flannel trousers and a wind-jacket and an old pair of slippers. He produced a bottle of whisky, excused his appearance, and began to tell me about his recent illness. Then he suddenly switched off that with, 'But, hell, you don't want to hear about my state of health.' What I did want to hear about was the new novel Hemingway has been working at since the beginning of 1941. It will be his first book since *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. He said that, until it was finished in about a year's time, he couldn't say much more than that it was set in Europe in the war period, and that he had more than a thousand pages of MSS., and was still writing every day. 'It's a story,' he said, 'not a book about war, or *about* anything; it's just a goddam story.' Hemingway said he had no use for the psychological so-called novel, with its worked-out mechanical characters all behaving in their obedient Freudian ways, nor for the subjective guilt-obsessed monstrosities that get read nowadays. He said he couldn't make out 'all this bunkum about guilt', and then quite humbly he asked me what I thought about it.

We discussed something of the philosophical and religious background to the contemporary 'popular' intellectual *zeitgeist* and its frequent manifestations in extravagances of 'guilt-mania', and he said that he thought Hamlet was quite enough for him! He asked me how I got on with 'that guy Kafka'. He

claimed not to have read a word of Kafka and said he felt he ought to do so. He had tried once, but not been much interested, but that all America was plumb-crazy about Kafka just now. He was very convincing, but at the back of my mind I was wondering if he wasn't doing a bit of play-acting, and amusing himself at my expense. At any rate, one of the things I liked about him most was the way he was eager to learn anything new, and his complete lack of pride or pretentiousness. Hemingway obviously likes to put across a picture of himself as the plain guy who wants to know, but this rôle appeals to him rather because of his sense of humour than because of self-conceit.

Hemingway works at his writing every morning from 8.30 to 12.30. He is a slow and careful worker, and believes that no novelist can ever afford to stop learning. 'It's a trade you've never mastered', he said. 'The thing to do is to cut out every word and every sentence that isn't the very best possible.' I asked him about his apprenticeship as a novelist, and he told me that, before his service in the First World War with the ambulance corps in Italy, he had had a newspaper job in the States, and that when he had begun to recover from the serious mortar wounds which he had received in an incident that had won him the Croce di Guerra with two citations near the Austrian border, he had gone back at first to reporting, and then moved on to Paris, where he had met Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein. 'Ezra helped me to write,' he said. 'In return I taught him to box. We used to earn our money then as sparring partners to French professional boxers. Ezra wanted to fence—he knew something about that, in fact twelve years before in London he and Yeats used to fence together—but I wasn't keen on learning a sport from him.' Though Hemingway's style was almost entirely modelled on that of Gertrude Stein, it was about Pound that he wanted to talk. I was reminded of what Hemingway had written in 1925: 'Ezra Pound devotes perhaps one fifth of his working time to writing poetry, and in this twenty per cent of effort writes a large and distinguished share of the really great poetry that has been written by any American living or dead—or any Englishman living or dead or any Irishman who ever wrote English . . . There is only one living poet who ranks with Pound, and that is William Butler Yeats. Some of Pound's later manner is done better by T. S. Eliot. But Eliot is, after all, a minor poet—just as Marianne Moore is a minor poet and Wallace Stevens is a minor poet. Fine poetry is written by minor poets.

'So then we have Pound the major poet devoting, say, one fifth of his time to poetry. With the rest of his time he tries to advance the fortunes, both material and artistic, of his friends. He defends them when they are attacked; he gets them into magazines and out of jail. He loans them money. He sells their pictures. He arranges concerts for them. He writes articles about them. He introduces them to wealthy women. He gets publishers to take their books. He sits up with them when they claim to be dying, and he witnesses their wills. He advances them hospital expenses and dissuades them from suicide, and in the end a few of them refrain from knifing him at the first opportunity.

'He has never been a pitiful figure. He has fought his fights with a gay grimness and his wounds heal quickly. He does not believe that he came into the world to suffer. He is no masochist and that is one more reason why he is no minor poet.'

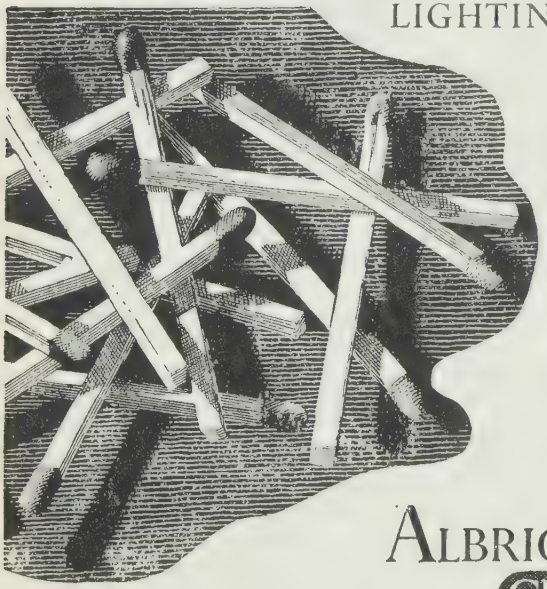
I HAVE quoted at such length partly because Hemingway was emphatic that Ezra was one of his oldest and greatest friends, and partly because it shows his critical intuition. It also shows how the likes and dislikes, which came to light in my previous talk with him, were all in embryo in this passage written twenty-five years ago, when he was a young man of barely twenty-five years. Hemingway went on: 'I love Ezra and always shall,' but of his behaviour in the war he added, 'Ezra ought to be spanked, but he's had more than his punishment now. Six months would have been enough, not four years. Ezra would never betray anyone, least of all America which he has always loved.'

He went on though, that the America which Pound loves so much and tries to boost in his writing is an America which almost ceased to exist a hundred years ago, and that much of the American language Pound uses is positively archaic. This is as may be, but one thing is certain—for all his friendship for Pound, Hemingway is unshakable in his conviction that the forces by which Pound was surrounded during the war period were vicious and evil ones.

Each time I tried to change the subject Hemingway came back to Pound and I kept realising the remarkable truth of what he had written about him. At last I got Hemingway on to his war experiences and his activities after the war.

After the fighting ceased, he returned to his home in Cuba, a farm twenty-two miles from Havana, to his unfinished novel and his thirty-six cats. There he has been working ever since, until last autumn when he came over to Europe again. Living in the Villa Aprile at Cortina, the Hemingways worked and skied during the week, and at weekends went down to Venice, spending the time duck-shooting on the beautiful little island of Torcello, which stands in the lagoon, and is famous for its Romanesque Cathedral and fine mosaics. Hemingway once more became enthusiastic as he described how the duck—mallard, pintail, pochard and teal—come down from the Pripet Marshes behind the Iron Curtain, fat as could be, and, splitting off from the Danube flight, reach the Venetian Marshes, Ferrara and Ravenna, and continue to North Africa, Egypt, and Kenya, returning by the same route early in the following spring.

I took away the memory of a fine artist and a striking man—an artist who, through the force of his personality and the directness of his vision, translated his life of rich experience and adventure into stories, and a man who, at almost fifty, is not only wide-awake to the world around him, but also full of sympathy for the people in it. He was full of inquiries about the younger writers in England and of interest in their work.



LIGHTING EVERY MATCH

A hundred years ago Arthur Albright's idea for making *Amorphous Phosphorus* on a commercial scale brought safety to workers in match factories, and gave the world its first safety match. Today, Albright & Wilson's match phosphorus products light every match made in Britain and countless millions of others all over the world.

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD
CHEMICALS

AMORPHOUS PHOSPHORUS PHOSPHORUS SESQUISULPHIDE
T.B.W.8

STALIN: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY

By I. Deutscher. *Oxford University Press.* 25s.

Reviewed by Christopher Hollis, M.P.

A good deal of this book is inevitably a little boring. For obvious reasons it is not possible to garnish the story of Stalin's early years with many of those anecdotes, which are diverting and sometimes illuminating, and with which the biographers of other statesmen so often delight their readers. Doubtless the anecdotes once existed and the witnesses to them once existed, but Stalin has made it his business to see that they exist no more. Like Captain Blood, there is much that they could tell us

'Were they alive—but they are dead.'

The anecdotes destroyed, there remain the bones of the story, important but not original. Herr Deutscher has nothing much to add to the story of Stalin's careful conduct in 1917 or of his manœuvres to supreme power after Lenin's death. The condemnation of Stalin's ruthlessness is again necessary but not new. In the analysis of the present situation, Herr Deutscher is guilty of only two striking omissions. He almost overlooks the gigantic fact that Communism, when checked in the West, does not relapse into a purely passive defensive, but instead turns East with spectacular success. He gives us no estimate of the effect on scientific research and artistic creation of Stalin's persecuting policy.

The story of the contrast between capitalism and Communism is, of course, an all too familiar and a somewhat sterile story. Much more important are the pages in Herr Deutscher's book in which he shows their similarity. It is not, I think, even yet sufficiently understood that all progressive societies must almost of their nature be undemocratic. They must be undemocratic because it is the condition of progress that an inordinate proportion of society's labour should be preserved for capital work rather than be given to the production of immediately consumable goods, and a freely choosing electorate, which wants its cake and is sceptical of the beneficence of new inventions, to be enjoyed at the best only by their grandchildren, would always vote for the consumable goods today.

By this test we can easily see the similarity between Early Victorian England and modern Bolshevism. It is a commonplace to indulge in shocked rhetoric about the low wages and the appalling conditions of those years. It is ungracious for us, their descendants, to do so. For wages were only so low because an inordinately small proportion of the national income was spent on consumable goods and an inordinately large proportion was invested, and this investment was the condition of our later prosperity and increased production. But, of course, whatever technical constitutional right Parliament may have had to vote a change of our whole economic system, we play with words if we think that these things were done by any formal, positive decisions of the people. The people were merely told that these things must be so by the economic pundits, and passively accepted. A Socialist society has the same difficulty in persuading the people to sacrifice so large a quantity of consumable goods. The unwillingness of the people to make such a sacrifice compels even Socialists, who are most reluctant to it, to resort to force as the only remedy against the collapse of their programme. Stalin, a cynic and a pessimist about human nature, as Herr Deutscher truly says, resorted to force with little reluctance and little surprise.

He had, and has, as Herr Deutscher shows, the same problem as the Early Victorian capitalists. His problem has been to keep down the standard of living of his people

and to divert an inordinate proportion of their labour to capital goods in the hope of strength and prosperity in the future. The only great difference between Stalin and the capitalists is that, once you have embarked on the road of physical force, you have to go on using physical force. Stalin, in order to achieve very much the same ends as the Victorian capitalists—a society of a small number of rulers fanatically devoting themselves to the increase of the material production of society—has had to employ vastly more overt physical force than they.

The other great problem on which Herr Deutscher's book throws light is that of Neville Chamberlain's decision at Munich. Most criticisms of the Munich policy, whether favourable or unfavourable, have helped us little because the critics have not made up their minds on the fundamental point, without which any further judgment is impossible. Did or did not the Russians ever have any intention of fighting over Czechoslovakia? The fact that the Russians made a hullabaloo about betrayal after Munich is neither here nor there. It was clearly Chamberlain's opinion that they never had any intention of fighting in any event, either then or in the next year, and, if he was right, the case for Chamberlain's policy was greatly strengthened. He was not cold-shouldering a potential ally; he was merely refusing to commit himself to one who had in any event no intention of helping him. As evidence in this case, the speech, quoted by Herr Deutscher, which Stalin made in 1925, but which he only published in 1947, is of the first importance.

'This does not mean,' said Stalin, 'that in any such situation (i.e. that of a European war) we are bound in duty to intervene actively against anybody . . . The banner of peace remains our banner as of old. But, if war begins, we shall hardly have to sit with folded arms.'

I have little doubt that, whatever Chamberlain or anybody else might have done, Stalin never had any intention of coming in at the beginning of a European War, either in 1938 or in 1939.

HENRY DRUMMOND-WOLFF

DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE and INTERDEPENDENCE

The British Commonwealth of Nations' pattern for world reconstruction. 7/6

With an Introduction by

The Rt. Hon.

L. S. AMERY, C.H.

New Edition Now Ready

SIR HERBERT WILLIAMS

M.Sc., A.M.I.C.E.

POLITICS— GRAVE and GAY

Sunday Times: **"An acute mind . . . shrewd and constructive comment".**

17 illustrations **21/-**

An Important Reprint

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G. K. CHESTERTON

A. G. Macdonell in the Observer: **"A great book by a great man".**

8 illustrations **12/6**

HUTCHINSON

Largest of Book Publishers

LION FEUCHTWANGER

Odysseus and the Swine

Sixteen of Dr. Feuchtwanger's finest stories 8/6

Also available

JEW SÜSS 9/6
THE UGLY DUCHESS 7/6
PROUD DESTINY 12/6

HUTCHINSON INTERNATIONAL AUTHORS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

✱ FOR BOOKS ✱

New & secondhand Books on every subject. Stock of 3 million volumes.

Large Dept. for Music and Books on Music

We BUY Books and Stamps

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) ✱ Open 9-6 (Inc. Sats.)

INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK

By Arthur Koestler. *Macmillan.* 25s.

Reviewed by Prof. S. Zuckerman

There was a time when an educated man could comprehend nearly all recorded knowledge. But with the discoveries of the past century, and in particular of this century, knowledge has become increasingly specialised. This fragmentation, just to take one example, means that an astronomer cannot appreciate the preoccupations of a man working on the heredity of butterflies, and that the ordinary layman cannot understand the work of either. Many educationists have protested against this trend, and more than one scholar has tried to show that some single principle underlies all knowledge. Their number has now been added to by Arthur Koestler who, in his book *Insight and Outlook*, argues that science, art, literature, 'the comic', and social ethics all have the same psychological foundation.

The book is divided into four parts. The first is entitled 'The Comic'; the second, 'Self-assertion and Self-transcendence'; the third, 'The Neutral Arts—Invention and Discovery'; and the fourth, 'The Emotive Arts'. All four pursue the same theme. Our actions are determined by the conflict of two tendencies: the first, to assert ourselves; the second, the urge to identify ourselves with our fellow-beings, which Koestler describes as self-transcendence or integration. He sees these two attributes of behaviour operating everywhere. A protein molecule, the building unit of the living body, is subordinated within the organisation of a cell, but on the other hand 'must preserve its individuality lest the whole (of which it is part) loses its articulation.' The aggressive or self-assertive properties of a cell in the body, which would lead it to go on dividing endlessly, are again subordinated within the whole body, whose wellbeing is the paramount factor in determining the way the cell behaves. When the 'self-transcending' or integrating 'force' which holds the cell in check weakens, the cell runs riot and, Koestler implies, such

things as cancer result. 'Wherever in the evolutional hierarchy we find relatively stable systems,' he writes, 'their stability is maintained by the equilibrium of antagonistic tendencies'—self-assertion and self-transcendence. This is the basis of his analysis of the mainsprings of human inventive capacity.

He begins with an analysis of the creative aspects of the comic. Laughter is a 'luxury reflex'. The 'essence of the comic is the bisociation of two operative fields in a junctional concept which is a member of both.' These are big words. What he means by 'operative field' is any single stream of thought, and what the whole sentence means can be understood by looking at one of the funny stories he quotes. A convict was playing cards with his gaolers. On finding out that he had cheated, they got furious and kicked him out of prison. The two 'operative fields' in this story are that prisoners are punished by being locked up; and that cheats are punished by being kicked out. Their 'bisociation' or intersection in the story produces a comic idea.

What Koestler calls 'the emotional dynamics of the comic' is a faint impulse of aggression manifested either as malice or as an absence of sympathy. The opposite kind of 'emotional dynamics', self-transcendence or integration, is social sympathy and identification with one's fellows. These two conflicting impulses provide the motive power to laughter or tears, depending on which is the stronger.

Let us follow him further. His analysis of the comic is designed to show how new discoveries occur in science and in the arts, in both of which Koestler finds the same two conflicting tendencies of self-assertion and self-transcendence, and the same 'bisociation' of 'operative fields'. It is easy to see what he means if we follow his analysis of the discovery of the Principle of Archimedes—the general law that if something is put in water, it will raise the level of the water, or displace the water, by an amount equal to its own volume. The story begins with Archimedes being commanded by Hiero, the tyrant of Syracuse, to find out whether a supposedly

What is Psychoanalysis?

ERNEST JONES, M.D.

A leading psychoanalyst gives a concise yet comprehensive account of the development and applications of this new and growing science. Dr. Jones is editor of the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis.* 7s. 6d. net

Vedanta for the Western World

Edited by

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

A group of distinguished scholars from East and West discuss the philosophy of the Vedas, the most ancient religious writings in the world. 'There is a strong note of sincerity . . . which commands our respect.'—*Spectator.* 2nd impression. 16s. net

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

'Among the best contributions to the knowledge of living Buddhism that recent decades have produced.'—C. G. JUNG.

The Collected Works of

D. T. SUZUKI, D.Litt.

Professor of Buddhist Philosophy, Otani University, Kyoto

Edited by

CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS

I. **An introduction to Zen Buddhism. Foreword by Prof. C. G. Jung.** 8 6

II. **The Zen Doctrine of No-Mind.** 10 6

III. **Essays in Zen Buddhism. (Ist Series). 10 Half-tone Plates.** 15 -

RIDER

47 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7

gold crown was actually made of pure gold. Archimedes knew what a given volume, let's say a cubic inch, of pure gold should weigh, and therefore that there was an answer if he could find whether the weight of the crown, assuming it was gold, corresponded to its volume. But, alas, the only way to get the volume of solid in the crown was to melt it down into, say, a cube, and that he obviously could not do. And here he was stuck. One day, in his bath, and still preoccupied with the problem, he suddenly realised that, when he got in, he always raised the level of the water by an amount that was equal to his own immersed volume. The 'relevant bisociation' of two operative fields had occurred, and the problem was solved. Eureka! All that had to be done to get the volume of the crown was to immerse it in water, and measure how much water was displaced.

We have now followed Koestler far enough along his own path—and that without pursuing his analysis of the 'exploratory drive' in science or art—to see what he is getting at. It all seems so simple that one is left with the thought that a mountain has gone into labour and brought forth a mouse. What in all this is new? The answer is surely very little in the bisociation theory, which seems to be a restricted part of the 'multi-associations' found in all human and animal reactions. Our knowledge of the world comprises series and series of different perceptions, the members of each series being linked in what may be called a multi-dimensional way through the similarity of response they evoke. This is an experimentally established fact of behaviour which applies not only to us but also to animals.

A simple bisociation may well lead to the comic, but scientific creation demands either a new synthesis of old experience, or new experience. Most science does not consist in happenings of the Archimedes kind, but in the experimental search for new observations. This is not to say that the search does not comprise a series of 'bisociations' in Koestler's sense. It may very well do—but what one is really interested in is the new thing or idea which emerges at the end. Koestler's analysis cannot explain why one man turns to art rather than to science, nor does it convince one that the mainspring of, let us say, Danny Kaye's creative activities is the same as that of Einstein.

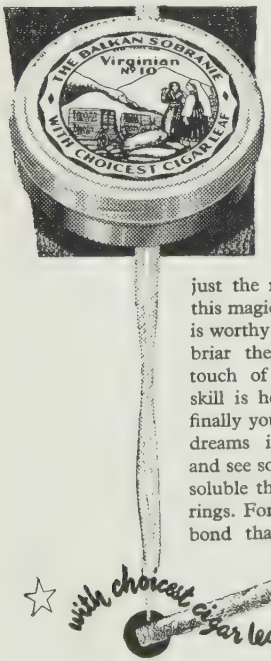
On the other hand, Koestler puts a very valuable point by opposing the more comprehensive concept of a conflict between assertion and transcendence to Freud's well-known psycho-analytical idea that all human motivation arises from the sublimation of sexual and destructive instincts. One interesting thing about his new concept, as Koestler argues, is that it comprehends Freud's general thesis.

Unfortunately, when Koestler pursues his analysis into wider affairs, for example, into a discussion of the present conflict in Western civilisation, he does not take us very far. His theme, here, is that our troubles derive from the tussle between self-assertion and self-transcendence at the social and national level, and from the 'atrophy of the integrative tendencies'. 'The whole structure of our competitive society,' he writes, 'collaborates to frustrate the integrative tendencies of the individual, to thwart his potentialities of self-transcendence through cosmic consciousness, social consciousness, and other channels.' This is a persuasive part of the book, but its dominant idea again is hardly novel—nor does it suggest any obvious remedies for our troubles.

Even if the language of the book is unnecessarily ponderous, there is no denying that Koestler argues very convincingly. This is to be expected, for he is first and foremost an experienced novelist and journalist. But the trouble with his new book is that it is too ambitious. It ranges from analyses of literary forms and modern poetry to discussions of ethics and affairs, and to accounts of scientific knowledge, whether in the spheres of the physical or the biological sciences. The fact that its author is not a professional scientist is, however, only too apparent in his not-infrequent uncritical acceptance of very doubtful views. Often, too, items of scientific knowledge

seem to be dragged quite unnecessarily into the argument—which is a pity because, however interesting they may seem in themselves, they often divert the reader's attention from the main theme. On the other hand, parts of Koestler's discussion of scientific ideas prove quite as stimulating as one would expect from a skilful and lively writer. He has undoubtedly brought together a lot of interesting ideas and facts to show that the conflict between aggression and sympathy, or self-assertion and self-transcendence, characterises most fields of human experience, and that new ideas arise out of the coming together of two established but previously unrelated sets of ideas. And while he does not provide the answers to many of the questions he raises, he certainly stimulates us by asking them.

Lord Byron's letter to Countess Teresa Guiccioli, which appeared in our August issue, is to be published this month by Messrs. Jonathan Cape and John Murray in a book entitled The Last Attachment *(25s.) by Iris Origo, which contains the hitherto unpublished correspondence between Byron and the Countess.*



Take the finest leaf from the Golden Belt of Old Virginia and add to it (the touch of genius) a touch of the leaf that has made certain cigars world famous, and you have just the raw materials for this magic blend. Before it is worthy of your favourite briar there is the added touch of blenders whose skill is hereditary, so that finally you can weave your dreams in smoke clouds and see solutions to the insoluble through the smoke rings. For this tobacco is a bond that links you and your pipe for ever to the surname Balkan Sobranie.

Made by the makers of Balkan Sobranie at Sobranie House, London, E.C.1

September Selections

ACK-ACK

The memoirs of

SIR FREDERICK PILE

The chief of Britain's wartime 'Ack-Ack' defences relates particularly the story of his wartime command and the men and women with whom he served.

Fully illustrated. 18/- net

Partners for Progress

SIR CHAS. JEFFRIES

A picture of the British Colonial Service as it is today, by the Deputy Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. **With a foreword by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Creech-Jones, M.P.**

Many half-tone plates. 12/6 net

HARRAP

COURVOISIER
Cognac

THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON

★★★ V.S.O.P.

V.V.O. NAPOLEON FINE CHAMPAGNE

STANDS FOR QUALITY

THE COMING OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

By Nicholas Mansergh. *Longmans, Green.* 15s.

Reviewed by Max Beloff

Professor Mansergh, holder of the Chair of British Commonwealth Relations at Chatham House, is well known for a number of excellent writings on Commonwealth affairs, and on the politics of Ireland. His latest work shows him in a new and equally favourable light. There is no greater test of an historian's ability to simplify complexities without distorting them than that presented by the period in European history inaugurated by the Bismarckian unification of Germany. In this excellently-written and yet unpretentious book, Professor Mansergh both sums up a generation of scholarly inquiries into the origins of the World War, and adds a contribution of his own, not indeed in the presentation of new material, but in a new attempt at a synthesis and an explanation.

In spite of the truly admirable photographs of the personalities of the story that have been chosen to illustrate the book, Professor Mansergh does not belong to that school of diplomatic historians who regard the writing of history as though it consisted of drawing up a series of indictments of individual statesmen—the implication being how much cleverer the historian would have been than these blundering nincompoops. These would-be foreign secretaries of the common-room have no recruit in Professor Mansergh. On the other hand, he is free of the grosser forms of determinism—whether Marxist or nationalist.

The historiography of the causes of World War I has had a curious history ever since the Bolsheviks flung the secret treaties of their predecessors in the face of the capitalist world. It has been much affected by the fact that the Germans were the first to provide lengthy extracts from their own archives in print, and from the fact that Anglo-Saxon historians, disillusioned with the Peace, could use them in order to prove that everyone was equally guilty of the war, so that the German war-guilt clause was unjustified, and the moral foundations of the Versailles Treaty removed.

Even those who were unconcerned to exculpate Germany herself were determined to show that the mere existence of a series of sovereign States implied anarchy and could only end in war.

The distinct quality of the period 1878–1914, with which the book deals, arises from two facts. In the first place, the better organisation of the States for peace made them more formidable when mobilised for war, and accentuated the difference in kind between big and little States—the beginning of a process that has gone on uninterrupted to the present. In the second place, there is the unification of world politics into a single system, so that a non-European event like the Anglo-Japanese alliance could have incalculable repercussions much nearer home. It is here that, in Professor Mansergh's view, lies the real responsibility of Germany. The problem presented in the Balkans by the Ottoman collapse may, he believes, have been genuinely insoluble except by war. It was German policy that, by tying itself to Austria, and hence alienating Russia, and by persisting in the big navy policy with the result of estranging England, while Germany separated from France by the Alsace-Lorraine question, made certain that the West, as a whole, would be involved in the Balkan struggle.

Clearly this is not the whole story. Professor Mansergh is, on the whole, content to take the policies of the several nations as given, and only occasionally by some penetrating comment to show that he is aware that foreign policies themselves are to be understood only in the light of the internal circumstances of the countries concerned. We still have a theory of international relations, rather than a theory of international history; but, even so, it is a major achievement and a welcome contrast to the clever-clever school of writers who treat the greatest of human tragedies—large-scale war, and its causes—as raw material for their paltry epigrams and paradoxes. It is good to have the dignity of history reasserted by example.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SOVIET RUSSIA, 1929–1941

Volume II, 1936–1941. By Max Beloff. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

Reviewed by Sebastian Haffner

'History above all is the study of the imperfect, the contingent, and the unique.' These closing words of Mr. Beloff's work epitomise its method and spirit. It does not explain Soviet Foreign Policy, with its imperfections and contradictions, as the outcome of a particular ideology dominating a particular country. Indeed, it does not explain at all. It is content to chronicle, painstakingly and conscientiously, with unflagging attention to detail, the baffling sequence of events: the disintegration of 'collective security', the Russian change of front in the summer of 1939, and the decline and fall of the Russo-German combination.

One can quarrel with Mr. Beloff's definition of history. If history is the study of the imperfect, the contingent, and the unique, it is also the study of intended perfection, of struggle with, and occasional triumph over, contingency, and of recurrent patterns. The bare chronicle is transformed into history only by relating facts to ideas, results to aspirations, and chance to necessity. It is true that the historian, in doing this, introduces, overtly or tacitly, a subjective factor: his own judgment, indeed, his own philosophy. But it is questionable whether it is possible to be an historian without being also something of a philosopher.

What is certain is that Mr. Beloff's resolute determination to stick to facts and documents and to refrain from speculation and inference, his refusal to impose a pattern on the events he relates, and his intellectual self-effacement, impart an austerity to his work which limits its appeal. It lacks the drama and the artistry which would win the general reader. Even the serious student of contemporary history or of current affairs is more likely to use it for reference than to read it from cover to cover.

But as the principal work of reference on its subject, it is indeed indispensable, and unlikely to be superseded for years to come. Its scholarship in the appreciation and criticism of available source-material is beyond reproach. Its exact definition of the limits of present evidence, from case to case, is invaluable.

The results of this strictly objective and scholarly source criticism are sometimes startling, and make Mr. Beloff's dry work a highly effective legend-buster. For instance, it disposes of many still widely current assumptions about Russia's policy in the Spanish civil war. It also puts Russia's rôle during the Munich crisis in a new light. It is still almost generally taken for granted that Russia was ready, during September 1938, to go to war on behalf of Czechoslovakia. Mr. Beloff's research makes it clear that there is no solid ground for this belief. While Russia left the initiative, and the blame, for 'Munich' to the Western Powers, and called in general terms for resistance to aggressors, she was careful never to commit herself to any concrete action in any concrete situation.

Meet your friends

in

Hatchards

Meeting Room

Here is a tranquil oasis for book-lovers—an old-world room on the 1st floor of this famous West End bookshop. You can come and appraise Hatchards' fine selection of new and second-hand volumes here—or merely relax with a book of your own.

Booksellers to Their Majesties The King, The Queen, and to Queen Mary

187 PICCADILLY, W.1

(*REGent* 3201-4)

EZRA POUND

Selected Poems, with an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. *Faber & Faber*. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by Peter Russell

The recent award to Ezra Pound, by the Council of the Library of Congress, of the Bollingen Prize for the best poetry of the year in the United States must have come as a sharp reminder to those who appear to think that Mr. Pound's poetical career came to an end with his appearance in the Oxford Book of Victorian Verse. The Selected Poems have been reprinted many times, and represent a wide selection from the poetry written by him between 1906 and 1920. The book is the best introduction possible to the poet's now nearly completed 'Cantos of a Poem of Some Length' and Mr. Eliot in the Introduction (1928) described it as a 'steady effort towards the construction of a style of speech', meaning doubtless the Cantos themselves, which he describes as 'by far his most important achievement'. In it the reader can trace the evolution of that complex new form of speech used by Mr. Pound in his Cantos, through successive stages of his preoccupation with the poetry of Browning, the Old Provençal lyric, the Dolce Stil Novo, the free verse movement of the Imagists, the problems of translating Chinese lyric poetry, the classical epigram, the strict stanza forms of Théophile Gautier, and the elegies of Propertius, to mention the more important only. It is at the same time a record of many of the critical changes which were coming over poetry during that period, and what the poet describes in his Cantos as 'ideas in action' are present here also, whether he intended it or not.

The promoter of Imagism and the 'high-priest of Vorticism' was an exacting and objective critic of his own work. Browning's effort to create characters which could live in words was brought to a new stage of perfection in Mr. Pound's *personae* or *masks*, as W. B. Yeats called them. But the introspective searching of the inner mind, which alike is a characteristic of Browning and of Mr. Eliot, is absent from Mr. Pound's poems, for they are either entirely built around historical characters who could hardly tolerate the presence of Mr. Pound in their literary vicinity (however they might relish it in their actual station), or are built round an objectified Pound, a young poet seen at a considerable distance by an impersonal self, and subjected to witty but stringent comment. In the former case, the difference between *persona* and poet is the difference between two entirely separate living men, for example Bertrans de Born and Ezra Pound, while in Sordello or Prufrock it is at times difficult to know where the poet ends and the *persona* begins. This defect is essentially a defect of the introverted mind, and in its extreme case, as in the poetry of Rilke, is responsible for the total absence of a living character, and the presence of what is no more than a reverie, however moving, severed from its *rêveur*, a poetry quite alien to that of Mr. Pound.

Mr. Eliot's Introduction is one of the most vital critical pieces of the century, especially for its notes on *vers libre* in his own and in Mr. Pound's work, on the nature of poetic originality, on the relation of literature to life in Mr. Pound's work, and some sharp but telling words about 'poetical' language which the members of the Poetry Society and other 'poetry lovers' would do well to heed. The essay is the sober answer to most of the prevalent lies and misrepresentations of Mr. Pound's work in verse.

The poems themselves are not all great poems like 'Perigord' or 'Exile's Letter' or the lyrical 'The Return', yet even those which can only be classified as *trivia* must be considered as the trivia of a master, and after all, trivia are not intended as 'great poetry'. A bibliography has been added—a necessary accessory to any book of Mr. Pound's—and, unlike the sketchier lists which appeared in previous editions, it has an almost comprehensive value for any but the expert. The omission from it of the poet's first prose book *The Spirit of Romance* (1910), is serious, however, for this contains much of the background to the earlier poems and much of the matter of what was to be Mr. Eliot's now famous essay on Dante.

THE CHINESE SCENE

Hsiao-tung Fei and Chi-i Chang: Earthbound China. *Routledge and Kegan Paul.* 18s.

Joseph Needham, F.R.S. and Dorothy Needham, F.R.S.: Science Outpost. *Pilot Press.* 25s.

Reviewed by Robert Payne

In October 1945 there was civil war in the Province of Yunnan. Not long afterwards, the great complex of Universities, known as Lienta, exiled from north China and then encamped outside the north gate of Kunming, came under fire from Kuomintang soldiers. It is perhaps worth recalling these times because the chief author of *Earthbound China* played a quite extraordinary part in the encounter between the exiled University and the Kuomintang troops; and on the night when the soldiers fired over the mud walls of the University, Dr. Fei, who was addressing the students, said: 'I am determined that my voice—our voice—shall be heard above the sound of the bullets', and went on speaking. In China today he is more famous for the courage of this solitary remark than for the whole edifice of sociological studies which bears his name.

It is perhaps a pity that it should be so, for he is the first among Chinese sociologists and knows precisely the quite exceptional value which sociology possesses in war-torn China. The Revolution of 1911 failed because the Kuomintang possessed no sociological aims, and the decline of the Kuomintang came about as the result of the same causes. It need not have declined so calamitously. But, to have succeeded, the Kuomintang would have had to contain at least a handful of people with Dr. Fei's scientific temper and understanding of the social forces at work.

In *Earthbound China* we are presented with a sociological survey of three characteristic and remote villages in Yunnan, studied while the small group of sociologists under Dr. Fei had its headquarters in a small temple dedicated to the God of Literature. Dr. Fei pays his respects to the advantages of living in an abandoned temple under the benevolent stare of a monkey-like god, working in the purified light coming through paper windows. There is little of the dry-as-dust in his account of the social life of these three villages; in his account of floods, the break-up of the family-system, the effects of modern industrialism, it reads like a novel; and certainly it is more authoritative in its description of village life than any of the host of recent novels concerned with the lives of villagers in China. We come to know these villages as well as we know our own towns; there is the novelist's grace in the presentation of the scene, the scientist's precision in the inescapable conclusions. He shows how even the most remote villages are hardly more than points along the great chains of modern industrialism; he demonstrates where the tensions are greatest, and pays particular attention to the problems of agriculture, seeing in the equalisation of land holdings and the encouragement of communal village industries under larger self-governing units the only hope for the villagers; and if his conclusions seem at times to be following those outlined over many years by the Chinese Communists, they are also a measure of the accuracy of the Chinese Communists in their efforts to revive the power of the Chinese peasantry.

The romantic pagoda where Dr. Fei wrote his epic treatment of Chinese village life appears for a moment in Dr. Needham's account of his own whirlwind tour of China during the war. It is the story, told largely in diary form, of an adventure in good faith. Backed handsomely by the British Council, he was sent with his wife to China to arrange for the exchange of scientific information. He travelled widely—there are some excellent photographs of the Tung-kuang caves, showing the northern extent of his travels—and more than anyone else he was able to offer encouragement to the Chinese scholars in their remote exile. The significance of the foreign scientist and the native sociologist should not be minimised, and anyone who desires to calculate the probable future of China is recommended to read these two books: the heart of the matter is in them.

Some Books Received

COOPER, Martin. OPÉRA COMIQUE. *Max Parrish*, 7s. 6d.
This charming volume with its illustrations in colour and black and white is No. 7 in the series 'The World of Music' and deals with that blend of music and wit that was one of the glories of the Paris stage.

ERVINE, St. John. CRAIGAVON: ULSTERMAN. *Allen & Unwin*, 35s.
In his biography of the first Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, St. John Ervine has performed a double function—he has told the story of Viscount Craigavon's life, and has explained why many Ulstermen who were Republicans in 1798 became Royalists half a century later.

FREUD, Sigmund. AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. *Hogarth Press*, 8s. 6d.
This is the first publication in book form in English (translated by James Strachey) of Freud's last work of any considerable length. It is both a manual for the layman of the fundamental principles of psycho-analysis and a summary of the conclusions arrived at after a lifetime of research and experiment in the science.

KEPPEL-JONES, Arthur. SOUTH AFRICA. *Hutchinson*, 7s. 6d.
The author, who is Senior Lecturer in History at the University of Witwatersrand, attempts to explain in historical terms the relations between the black and white races, the rise of Afrikander nationalism and the place of South Africa in the British Commonwealth. Covering the period from the Portuguese discoveries to the outbreak of the late war, the epilogue brings an outline of events down to the general election of 1948.

LANE, Jane. TITUS OATES. *Andrew Dakers*, 21s.
Students of history will welcome this first biography of Titus Oates, as it supplies an otherwise incomplete background to the notorious Popish Plot of 1678.

NEWMAN, Bernard. MEDITERRANEAN BACKGROUND. *Robert Hale*, 16s.
The author, well known as an authoritative writer on international problems, here gives us the essential data about the lands along the Mediterranean seaboard, their peoples, problems and aspirations.

STANDISH, Robert. GENTLEMAN OF CHINA. *Peter Davies*, 9s. 6d.
In this fascinating story of the pulsating life beneath the cosmopolitan surface of Shanghai, Mr. Standish tries to show that sometimes an understanding between the East and the West can be achieved.

HENRY TREECE (*Continued from page 25*)

problems of that race, who would organise a number of companies to tour the schools throughout the country, playing selections from our great national repertoire of verse drama, from *The Conversion of Saint Paul* to *Murder in the Cathedral*. Moreover, it might not be without the bounds of probability that even the greatest of our contemporary actors would co-operate in such a scheme, that, finally, could do nothing but good to their own reputations. . . .

Then, before the Minister could call for a minion to throw me out of his dream-office, I should race on and add that his Ministry might include in its vocational programme an actual School of Drama and Verse-speaking, staffed by such actors as were resting from tours among the schools, and attended by those pupils from all types of secondary schools, who, wanting the stage, the cinema, the public platform and even politics, had been fired beyond all opposition to persist in their ambitions.

And as I reached for the door-handle, I should call out that the B.B.C., the magazines and newspapers, even the 1951 Festival of Britain could reasonably be dragged into such a dream!

Could, but undoubtedly *won't*; and so our children will go on staying in school after the bell has rung, learning Shakespeare and Wordsworth as a punishment; they will go on entering the universities, and leaving them, blind to the treasure they have inherited. They will become schoolmasters themselves, and will set Shakespeare as a punishment. . . .

Yes, mine is perhaps a dream; but the present reality is nothing short of a nightmare!

The Perfect Husband

He tells you when you've got on
too much lipstick,
And helps you with your girdle
when your hips stick.

2 Ogden Nash, *Versus*

'The international outlook of WORLD REVIEW *is a contribution to general culture and its articles challenge a wide variety of tastes.'* —THE TIMES, June, 1949

These are some of the notable articles that have appeared in

WORLD REVIEW

MARCH

Arnold J. Toynbee	HISTORY WARNS MODERN MAN
Michael Redgrave	ON ACTING STRINDBERG'S 'FATHER'
Herbert Read	CONVERSATION IN THE RUINS
Nicolas Berdyaev	POLITICAL TESTAMENT

APRIL

Bertrand Russell	THE UNITY OF WESTERN CULTURE
William Saroyan	CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT
Kathleen Raine	WILLIAM BLAKE
Martin Heidegger	THE MEANING OF 'HUMANISM'

MAY

Elton B. Mayo	HUMAN PROBLEMS IN INDUSTRY
Robert Payne	A MEETING WITH EZRA POUND
George Orwell	THE LANGUAGE OF TOMORROW
Geoffrey Grigson	THE WORKINGS OF THE B.B.C.

JUNE

Albert Schweitzer	RETURN TO COLMAR
Karl Jaspers	GOETHE AND OUR FUTURE
Christopher Fry	AN AUTHOR EXPLAINS
Barbara Ward	DECIDE OR DRIFT

JULY

Karl Barth	THE CHURCH BETWEEN EAST AND WEST
Compton Mackenzie	THE ENJOYMENT OF HOLIDAYS
André Simon	GASTRONOMY AND GASTRONOMES
Alex Comfort	THE NOVELS OF R. C. HUTCHINSON

AUGUST

Søren Kierkegaard	UNPUBLISHED NOTEBOOK
John Rothenstein	CONTEMPORARY ART
Harold Macmillan, M.P.	THE STRASBOURG EXPERIMENT
Stephen Spender	W. H. AUDEN AT OXFORD

Articles *Poems* *Short Stories* *Book Reviews*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Twelve months—£1 at home and abroad; single copy—1s. 6d. Fully illustrated

EUDORA WELTY (*continued from page 53*)

minor, rather darker encounters, and keep in general motion with bright colours and light touches—there are no waving pistols at all, to storm and threaten.

Yet, being life, it does threaten. In what way, at last? Well, how much more deadly to Miss Brill than a flourished pistol is an overheard remark—about *her*. Miss Brill's vision—a vision of love—is brought abruptly face to face with another, ruder vision of love. The boy and girl in love sit down on her bench, but they cannot go on with what they have been saying because of her, though 'still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

'"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

'"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there? . . . Why does she come here at all—who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

'"It's her fur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

'"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper.'

So Miss Brill, she who could spare even pity for this world, in her innocence—pity, the spectator's emotion—is defeated. She had allowed herself occasional glimpses of lives not too happy, here in the park, which had moved her to little flutters of sadness. But that too had been cosiness—cosiness, a remedy visitors seek to take the chill off a strange place with. She hadn't known it wasn't good enough. All through the story she has sat in her 'special seat'—another little prop to endurance—and all unknown to her she sat in mortal danger. This is the story. The danger nears; a word is spoken, the blow falls—and Miss Brill retires, ridiculously easy to mow down, as the man with the pistols was easy to stare down in 'Yellow Sky', for comedy's sake. But Miss Brill was from the first defenceless and on the losing side, and her defeat is the deeper for it, and one feels sure it is for ever.

[A second and concluding article will appear next month]

BERTRAND RUSSELL (*continued from page 16*)

if necessary—on the measures that are necessary to make the world less dangerous for the future of mankind than it is at present.

Let us consider what these measures are. First and foremost, the control of atomic power must be international. America, in spite of having a monopoly for the time being, offered to surrender the monopoly to an international authority, but the Soviet Government rejected the offer. We should, when the time is ripe, insist upon the acceptance of this scheme or some equivalent.

But it is impossible to fight with atom bombs alone; the older weapons are still needed. We shall not acquire any real security from internationalising atomic weapons only; all the more important engines of war must become the monopoly of an international force. And to determine the conditions under which this force is to be employed, we shall need the usual organs of government, legislative, executive, and judicial. All this must be created before the world can be safe from war, and until the world is safe from war, everything that we value is in danger.

Many nations, and especially the Russians, may not willingly assent to such measures, although, in fact, they will profit by them. 'Every beast is driven to the pasture with blows,' says Heraclitus, and it may be necessary to use our strength to drive men to adopt the measures necessary for their own self-preservation. The total abolition of serious wars is now for the first time a technical possibility. If we of the West use our power wisely, we may realise this possibility, by persuading or compelling the Russians to agree to what is necessary. And if once the fear of war were at an end, modern technical skill could become wholly beneficient, and mankind could enter upon an era of happiness unexampled in human history. This is not a mere dream; it is a practical possibility, requiring only energy, boldness and wisdom, and, above all, an end to lethargic despair and its replacement by rational hope.

Printed in Gt. Britain at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Publisher and Proprietor, Edward Hulton, and distributed for him by Hulton Press Ltd., 43–44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australasia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.